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NEW MASSES

FEBRUARY 15, 1938 FIFTEEN CENTS A CO[illegible]

Hitler's Second Crisis

A Cable from Gabriel Péri

Checkup on Stolberg

by Bruce Minton

Japan Fights the Boycott

by Robert Stark

Frederick Douglass, Forgotten Lead[illegible]

by Saul Carson

Five Minutes, Oleo

A Poem by H. H. Lewis

Review of New Plays by Nathaniel Buchwal[illegible]

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WAITING FOR THE VERDICT

WE ARE waiting for the verdict. Is it to be life or death for the NEW MASSES?

Waiting is a tormenting experience. The first letters with contributions have been few, and slow to come in. But those that have arrived emphasize one idea. It is expressed in the last sentence of one letter:

"Suspension of the NEW MASSES is unthinkable."

It is unthinkable for us too, and yet it is a very real danger. We have to think about it and plan against it. We must make the NEW MASSES safe not only in the immediate emergency but for a year to come. With a deficit of $350 a week and more, and no angel to underwrite this deficit, we need a $20,000 fund. Our only resource is our readers.

We are now on a week-to-week basis. The response this week decides that the magazine lives another week. The general verdict, whether we will receive the $20,000 fund, is what we are waiting for. Upon it depends the hopes of all those to whom the suspension of the NEW MASSES would be a genuine disaster—to whom the suspension of the NEW MASSES is "unthinkable."

If you have been waiting to make your contribution, wait no longer. It does the magazine no good to stretch this campaign out.

Our readers must give the verdict. It is a verdict that can only be made with money. If you have given as much as you can afford, why not hold a party to raise funds for the NEW MASSES? We will coöperate fully.

But send whatever contribution you can NOW to the NEW MASSES, 31 East 27th Street, New York.

We are waiting for your verdict.

AS the 1400 persons who filled the 46th Street Theater Sunday night, February 6, know, our concert of "music with a purpose" was a triumph. To all those who took part in the performance—nearly two hundred—our admiration and thanks. And particularly to Charles Friedman, who supervised the entire show; to Marc Blitzstein; to Orson Welles; and to Hanns Eisler. We thank everybody; and we want to name everybody: Earl Robinson and the I.W.O. chorus; Alex North, Anna Sokolow and her dance unit; Mordecai Bauman; Aaron Copland and his four youngsters, Vivienne Block, Estelle Levy, Arthur Anderson, Carl Crawford, and Buddy Mangan; the cast of Marc Blitzstein's *I've Got the Tune*, Peggy Coudray, Adelaide Klein, Kenneth Delmar, Norman Lloyd, Olive Stanton, Maynard Holmes, and John Amrhein; Lehman Engel and his singers; Paul Bowles, Juanita Hall, and Ernest Shaw; Virgil Thomson; Harold J. Rome, Barbara Towne, Bidda Blakely, Joan Woodruff, and John Glenn; and Count Basie, and his band, and his vocalist, James Rushing.

The early closing of *Sunup to Sundown* automatically cancels our proposed benefit party. Readers who have purchased tickets can obtain a refund by calling at our office.

Who's Who

GABRIEL PÉRI, a member of the Central Committee of the French Communist Party and associate editor of *Humanité*, is the Communist spokesman on world affairs in the French Chamber of Deputies. . . . Saul Carson is engaged on a biography of Frederick Douglass. . . . obert Stark is a well-known economist. . . . Nathaniel Buchwald is dramatic critic of the Jewish *Morning Freiheit*. . . . Julia Older has recently returned from an extended stay in the Soviet Union where she was on the staff of the Moscow *Daily News*. . . . Representative Coffee, whose letter appears in Readers' Forum, is the author of the Fine Arts Bill. He has fought for pure food and drug acts.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Flashbacks

"I SUPPOSE myself to have been born about the year 1817," said Frederick Douglass, ex-slave and leader of American Negroes, whose anniversary is celebrated each year with Lincoln's on February 12. . . . Shadrach, an escaped Negro slave, was arrested in Boston, February 15, 1851. At his arraignment a free Negro led a group into the courtroom, surrounded Shadrach, and with him in their midst, streamed out a side entrance and scattered. "Treason!" shouted Daniel Webster when he heard the news. President Fillmore fumed, and Clay sought more teeth in the fugitive slave law. . . . Susan B. Anthony, who began life as an agitator for the successful anti-slavery movement and ended as a leader of the about-to-be-successful women's suffrage movement, was born February 15, 1820. . . . For the heinous crime of accepting the Copernican theory of the universe Giordano Bruno, Italian philosopher, was burned at the stake February 17, 1600, after he had suffered seven years of confinement under the Inquisition. . . . Czar Nicholas confirmed an order of the St. Petersburg police depa[illegible]ent on February 10, 1897. As a [illegible] Lenin spent three years in ex[ile] Siberia for his leadership in [the] League of Struggle for the Eman[cipa]tion of the Working Class. . . . Spanish parties of the Right and C[en]ter lost 147 seats in the Cortes [to] the newly formed Popular Fr[ont] gained a clear majority of 268 out [of] the total of 473 in the election of F[eb]ruary 16, 1936. Salud!

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NEW MASSES
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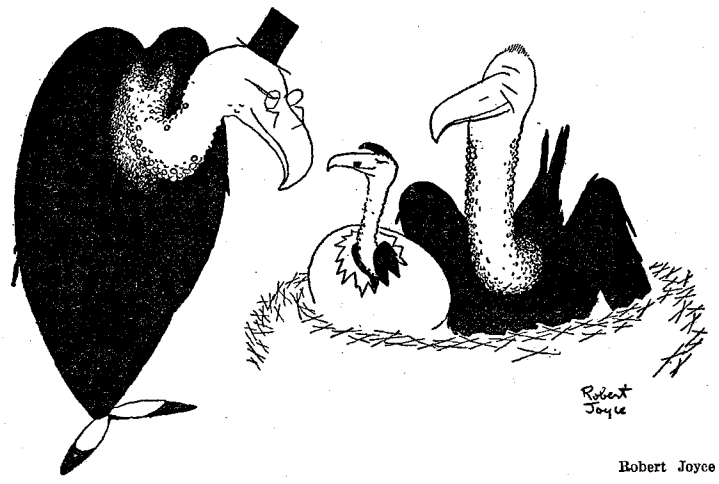

Robert Joyce

Checkup on Stolberg

By Bruce Minton

IT takes a little time to catch up with a lie. To investigate and nail down a whole series of falsehoods, issued daily for two weeks in machine-gun tempo, requires careful checking. Such checking revealed that Benjamin Stolberg's series, "Inside the C.I.O.," which appeared in the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers, was based on deliberate distortion and falsification.

The series, denounced in Cleveland, San Francisco, Akron, New York, in C.I.O. councils and union halls, was considered by union members to be an attack on the C.I.O. It was composed of three ingredients: (1) the background of the C.I.O., a restatement of familiar union history; (2) revelations of what has taken place in the unions during the last six months, in almost every detail misleading and untrue; (3) the refrain that the Communists in the C.I.O. and the adherence of unions to the "party line" were destroying the C.I.O. The third point was "proved" not by evidence but by constant repetition.

Incidentally, Benjamin Stolberg is neither a member of the C.I.O. nor the A. F. of L. He has never belonged to a labor union. For over a decade he has been closely linked with the Trotskyites, and during that time he has interlarded almost every article he has written with repeated denunciations of the "Stalinists" and the "party line."

The following analysis shows Stolberg playing the same role in the press that his more illiterate confederates—Pearl Bergoff, Sam "Chowderhead" Cohen, and the myriads of spies hired by the companies—played in the mines and factories.

IN DISCUSSING the United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers' Union, Stolberg states: "This union is all torn by factional struggles." The only disagreement to occur so far in the union took place at the union's convention in September over the increase in per-capita dues from 25 to 35 cents a month. Per-capita dues in the U.E.R.M.W. are the lowest in the C.I.O. A compromise set the monthly dues at 30 cents. The debate hardly constituted factionalism.

Stolberg: In the public utility field the union is far weaker, particularly because the Communists maneuvered the gas section in this industry into joining the United Mine Workers. The sole purpose of this splitting maneuver was to gain a foothold among the miners, where Lewis has kept the Communists out for years.

District Fifty of the U.M.W. had jurisdiction over the coke and gas workers in the utility field long before the United Electrical Workers was formed. The handing over of the gas workers by the U.E.R.M.W. to the mine workers was agreed upon in a conference between the two unions and had nothing to do with Communist "intrigue." The C.I.O. just recently set up the Utility Workers' Organizing Committee with Philip Murray as chairman.

Stolberg: The third wing of the union in the light metal trades was tacked on, after much propaganda by the Communist Party, on the ground that some of the workers in radio manufacturing were skilled mechanics. . . .

This is factually untrue. Stolberg neglects to mention that the most important sector of the electrical union's activities is in the electrical manufacturing industry. The union has organized General Electric, Westinghouse, and Allis Chalmers. These companies account for the preponderance of electrical equipment manufactured in the United States. But to organize such companies, which also make machinery and instruments, it was necessary for the union to organize the competitors, and therefore the light metal department of the union was a logical and necessary expansion. And while Stolberg in one paragraph criticizes organizing what he calls "quite unrelated" industries, he praises in the next paragraph the successful strike at the Emerson Electrical Manufacturing Co. in St. Louis, which is a motor production plant.

Stolberg: If we stop to consider that only a year ago the United Textile Workers had only thirty thousand members, it is obvious that Hillman's tactics are successful in laying the base of organized labor in textiles.

At the time the C.I.O. created the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee, according to James Starr, secretary-treasurer of the United Textile Workers, the union had over seventy-seven thousand dues-paying members. They had, moreover, tens of thousands of members out of work and not paying dues. This in no way criticizes the excellent organizational work of Sidney Hillman after he took charge of the T.W.O.C., but it does reveal Stolberg's inaccuracy.

Stolberg: And wherever factionalism rises, he [Sherman H. Dalrymple, president of the United Rubber Workers] nips it in the bud.

The Akron C.I.O. council passed a resolution on Stolberg, which read in part: "It is a matter of record that the United Rubber Workers has been entirely free from factionalism. . . . There are many other glaring misstatements in the series. . . ." The resolution found the series full of "the falsehoods and distortions of Mr. Stolberg."

In discussing the Transport Workers' Union, Stolberg says:

He [Quill] began organizing the subway worke in New York some three years ago. When he h about five hundred of them, he approached Wil

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D. Mahon, president since 1893 of the Amalgamated Street Car & Electric Railway Employees, of the American Federation of Labor. . . . He [Mahon] refused to take them in. A few months later Quill informed him that he had some two thousand workers. "Impossible," said Mahon. This went on a number of times until the A. F. of L. woke up to the fact that Quill had more than sixty thousand workers organized. . . .

Michael Quill writes: "Our membership did not reach sixty thousand while we continued approaching the A. F. of L. for affiliation, as Mr. Stolberg states. We joined the International Association of Machinists in March 1936, with but three thousand members. . . . While affiliated with this unit of the A. F. of L. we managed to raise our membership to well over seven thousand."

Stolberg: Quill is a militant fellow who follows the "party line" in a most desultory fashion.

"Mr. Stolberg, eager to show that the C.I.O. achieved little or nothing," answers Mr. Quill, "twists the facts to 'prove' that our organization merely transferred its allegiance from one group to the other in accordance with a 'party line'! . . . If Mr. Stolberg claims that our policies and our success are the property of a small group, let him try and take these away, and ninety thousand members will rise to the defense of what he calls the 'party line.'"

Stolberg: They [the Communists] appeal to these workers in behalf of "good Catholic doctrine" and in the name of "Catholic tradition."

Michael Quill responds: "Mr. Stolberg, in order to demonstrate that coöperation among workers of different creeds and leanings is some kind of nefarious plot, states that 'Communists' in our union, in official position or otherwise, 'appeal to Catholic tradition for support.' The circulation of such literature in any appreciable quantity in our midst is news to us."

Stolberg: The Stalinist "line," like all Machiavellian tactics, attracts all sorts of adventurers. Thus, for instance, on June 8, 1937, one Kempton Williams, an organizer for the U.A.W. and a Unity man, struck the Consumers' Power Co., in the Saginaw Valley, which affected one hundred and eighty communities and some four hundred thousand people.

Kempton Williams is not a Unity man, careful checking in Detroit has proved. He took no part in forming and was in no way responsible for the policies of the Unity group. At the present time, Williams has become connected with the Trotzkyist group. On the other hand, it was Bob Travis, active Unity man, who rushed from Flint to the Saginaw Valley strike and urged the men to go back to work without delay.

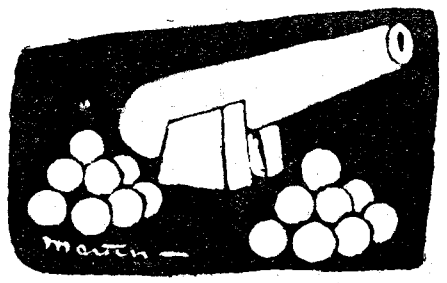
Stolberg: The opposition knew that Martin was engaged in his hotel room in extremely important and delicate negotiations with representatives of one of the largest and most strategic automobile manufacturers. They decided to embarrass him right there and then . . . so they rounded up some perfectly honest rank-and-file members from Flint, Pontiac, and Detroit locals. . . . Then they called up the press and invited it to witness how the workers were "lynching" the president of the union. . . . Someone who was in the room with Martin thrust a revolver in his hand for fear that he might be harmed.

This refers to an incident that occurred on September 30, 1937, in Detroit, when Homer Martin, president of the U.A.W., appeared to a delegation visiting him in a hotel room with a gun in his hand. The story was checked with the rank-and-file members present, with the newspapers, and with union officials. At the time the delegation arrived to visit Martin, no one realized that he was in conference. He later announced that he had been conferring with a representative of the Ford company. The delegation, which on inquiry proves to have been completely spontaneous, with everyone present a paid-up member of the U.A.W., did not summon the press. The press was never notified by anyone connected with the delegation. There was no picketing, though several workers stood outside the hotel because the lobby was filled. This unfortunate incident has been revived by Stolberg for no other purpose than to discredit the auto union and keep alive any friction that may exist in the U.A.W.

Stolberg: Then the Unity faction, playing right into the hands of those provocative elements in General Motors which want to show that the union is "irresponsible," started a number of wildcat strikes. On November 17, 1937, an unauthorized sit-down was called in the Fisher body plant at Pontiac, the third such strike within a few days.

A study of the Pontiac strike revealed that John Anderson, a Trotzkyite adhering to the Socialist Appeal group, was inside the plant stirring up the unauthorized action. The leaders within the Unity group have repeatedly condemned unauthorized strikes. This is a matter of record. In those locals where the Unity members are most influential with the workers, there have been less unauthorized strikes than in the industry as a whole. There have been few unauthorized strikes in Flint and in the West Side local, and no unauthorized strike has occurred in any of the other locals which Stolberg labels "Unity." No doubt, auto workers have been misled by provocation into unauthorized strikes: the U.A.W. leadership has been opposed to such actions, and has been fully backed in this position by the membership of the Unity group and by the Communist Party.

On the other hand, at Lansing, under the leadership of Lester Washburn, a follower of Jay Lovestone, a general strike was called on the pretext that seven pickets had been arrested. Why does Stolberg fail to mention this case? Because the Lovestone clique deliberately launched an unauthorized and provocative action? Stolberg also fails to mention that Homer Martin condemned this strike at Lansing and called it a mistake.



Charles Martin

Stolberg: Not long ago Heywood Broun, president of a sister union in the C.I.O., was prevailed upon to attack Martin in his syndicated column with much sarcastic innuendo. John L. Lewis wrote Mr. Broun, quite plainly, what he thought of such behavior.

Heywood Broun wrote, "I have not received any letter from Lewis, and he has made no comment or suggestion as to what I should write. . . . He (Stolberg) says that I was prevailed upon to attack Martin. Attacking Martin was altogether my own idea."

In discussing the American Newspaper Guild, Stolberg remarks of the recent referendum that it "showed a distinct split in organization" and lays this to the following by the Guild leaders of the "party line."

Mr. Stolberg neglects to point out any splits. For his information, a small Guild unit in Tyler, Tex., surrounded by a hostile A. F. of L. atmosphere, actually did drop out of the Guild at the time of the referendum. That is the only "split" in the Guild on record. For Mr. Stolberg's further information, all Guilds are now active in enrolling commercial departments into the union, and the Toledo Guild, which seconded the referendum, will probably be one of the first to sign new agreements covering commercial department workers.

It might be added that it is surprising to find a man like Mr. Stolberg, whom Roy Howard has dubbed "left," objecting to the Guild's interest in protecting the unemployed by demanding expansion of the W.P.A. Certainly it is an even greater surprise to realize that while the entire labor movement supported the reformation of the Supreme Court proposed by President Roosevelt, Mr. Stolberg finds this attitude a sign of capitulation to the "party line." And in addition Mr. Stolberg should reread his own article in the *Nation* of August 21, 1937, in which he beats his chest about "a democracy which fails to enforce itself is not a democracy but an involuntary prologue to fascism" before berating the Guild for its interest in independent political action and its concern with the war in Spain.

Stolberg: In Little Steel—in Bethlehem, Republic Steel, Youngstown Sheet & Tube, and the Inland Steel Co.—the union lost the strike last summer. In Little Steel, John Lewis and Philip Murray, no doubt, made several serious mistakes. For one thing, the drive was put in charge of officials of the United Mine Workers. . . . In Little Steel the workers were mostly raw recruits, who became restless as the struggle sharpened.

In 1919 after the steel strike the steel union was smashed. In 1937 the union entered the Little Steel strike with 125 contracts with the owners, and in February 1938 held 1115 contracts. This is what Stolberg calls a defeat. Moreover, the organizers were not by any means all U.M.W. men but were also drawn from the steel industry. Even so, the United Mine Workers had fought Bethlehem

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and other Little Steel companies for years in the captive coal mines, and certainly their organizers understood the problems involved in the steel strike. The "restlessness" of the workers that Stolberg makes much of was expressed only by their returning to work at the point of bayonets. They literally were forced back into the mills by the National Guard and deputy sheriffs. Until that time, the strikers maintained picket lines and closed the mills. At the present time, the S.W.O.C. is expanding in the Little Steel areas.

Stolberg: Finally Lewis, Murray, Clint Golden, and Van Bittner did not appreciate the unbelievable ruthlessness of the barons in Little Steel, the reaction or corruption or both of some public officials. . . .

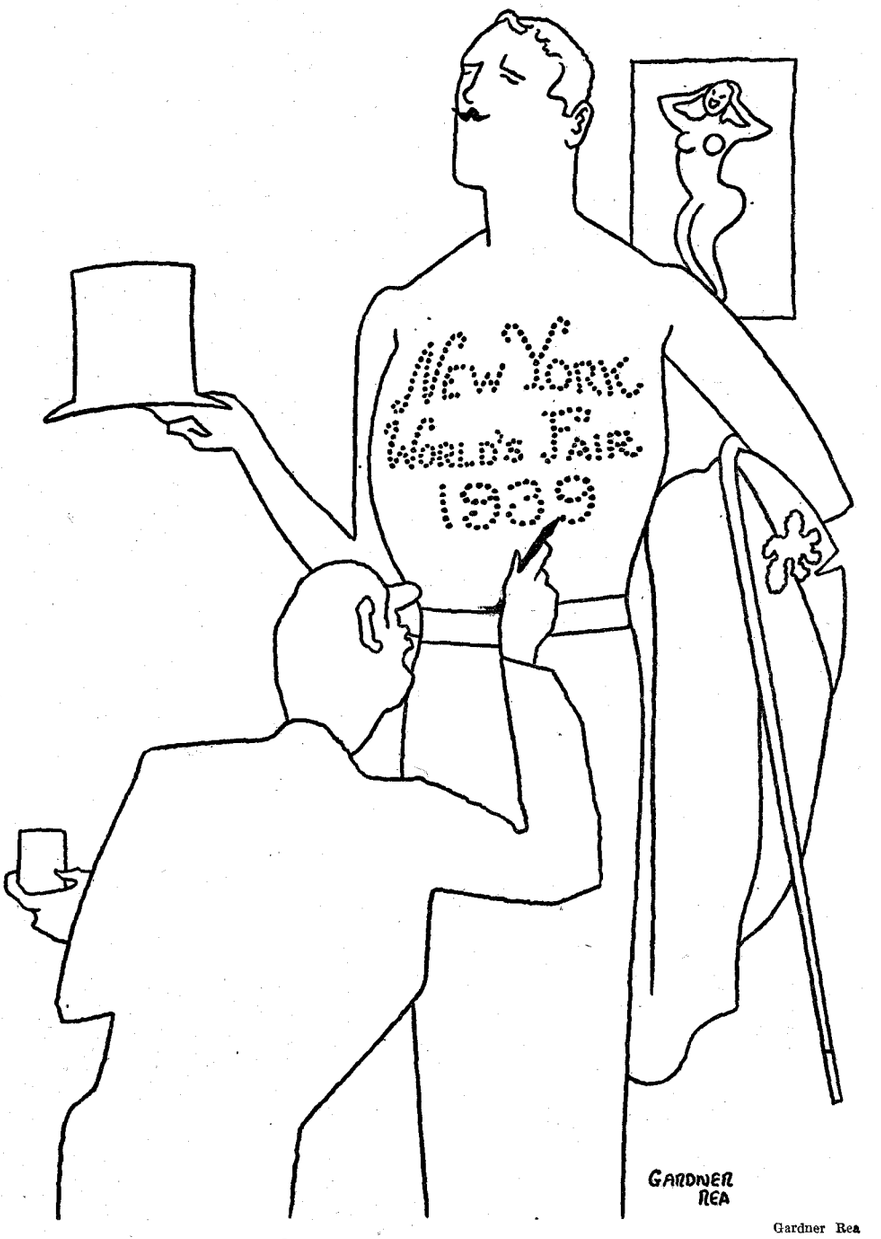
In other words, after thirty years in the trade-union movement organizing coal miners, after laying down as the primary task of the C.I.O. the organization of the steel industry, the C.I.O. leaders, according to Stolberg, were still naïve visionaries with no grasp of reality. But in a radio address on December 31, 1936, John L. Lewis declared that labor "wants industry disarmed lest labor men on their march to industrial democracy should have to take by storm the barbed-wire barricades and machine-gun emplacements maintained by the rapacious moguls of corporate industry." Evidently Lewis and his associates forgot Tom Girdler's famous statement with reference to the captive mines, made in early N.R.A. days—that Girdler would "rather dig potatoes than recognize Lewis."

Stolberg: Among these organizers were a number of Communists, who pressed for a premature strike [in steel] in the hope of entrenching themselves in the drive.

The strike in Little Steel took place at a time when steel production was at its highest point for the last several years. If the S.W.O.C. had waited six weeks before striking, it would have been threatened by the beginnings of the present recession. Girdler and his cohorts, who have staged the sit-down strike of capital, certainly could have initiated this sit-down earlier if they had expected the strike. There is small doubt that Stolberg's "premature strike" prevented an even more disastrous sabotage of our economic set-up than would have been faced if the steel workers had not demonstrated their organized power this summer.

Stolberg: Of late, however, he [Joe Curran] is showing some signs of dawning criticism of the "party line." . . . Curran is becoming a bit restless of their perennial "debating society" resolutions, such as those in favor of a farmer-labor party, in defense of China, for loyalist Spain, for peace and democracy, and so on.

Curran wrote in the *Fight* in November 1937: "Seamen are beginning to see in the Spanish invasion by fascist troops and in the attack on the Chinese people by the Japanese military machine the actual armed outbreak of the struggle, which in times of so-called peace goes on beneath the surface—in strikes, lockouts, and the like. So at the very moment



Gardner Rea

Grover Whalen Carries On

when the seamen are embarking on a program of unity for all maritime workers . . . they are taking steps to broaden their activity. . . . And why not? Whose government is it, anyway?"

In a statement last week Joseph Curran also said: "The attitude of the marine workers, and this is my attitude too, is reflected in a resolution adopted by the San Francisco Unity Conference last month. It condemned the Stolberg articles as inspired through and through by the industrialists and their stooges. This is shown by the emphasis given to the employer arguments against the C.I.O. all the way through. For example, Red-baiting—which has always been one of the chief weapons of the employers in their fight against the organization of their employees. If Stolberg does not know any more about the trade-union movement than he showed in discussing the shipping industry, he had better quit writing about labor and return to birds and flowers. Stolberg's crack about the seamen and their 'debating society' resolutions shows how far removed he is from the labor movement of today. Again and again the seamen have gone on record in supporting the fight to preserve democratic institutions, both at home and abroad."

Stolberg: The Fur Workers' International Union on the other hand, led by Ben Gold, is the classi and horrible example of how anti-democratic union becomes under open Communist leadership. . . Its contracts are mainly renewals, and it gets alon with the employers—partly because the bigge firms, which influence the labor policy of the smalle ones, have large Russian fur contracts and h prefer to deal with a Communist-led union w does as Moscow wishes.

The fur union, under the progressive l ership of Ben Gold since 1925, has n contented itself with merely renewing a

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tract. Each contract signed by the union has obtained better wages or better conditions or both for the workers. This can be verified by examining the contracts signed since 1926. In that year, the fur union won the forty-hour week—the first forty-hour week obtained in the needle-trades industry. At present, contracts specify the thirty-five-hour week, and current negotiations have brought forward the demand by the union for the thirty-hour week. The fur union has obtained for the workers better wages and better working conditions than any other section of the needle-trades industry.

As regards Russian fur contracts, such furs are bought by the importers. The fur union has no contracts with importers. It deals solely with manufacturers, who have no financial relations with the Soviet Union and who buy their furs from the importers.

Stolberg: Fortunately, being one of the old and established needle-trades unions, it [the fur union] has today, with a membership of thirty thousand, practically the entire industry organized.

The union has a membership of forty thousand, according to official C.I.O. figures. By organizing the entire industry, the fur union, with Communists in its leadership, earns Mr. Stolberg's displeasure and the label "classic nd horrible example."

THE TRUTH—as Mr. Stolberg sees it—varies from coast to coast. Where Mr. Stolberg's facts can be challenged by a powerful group of organized workers, he, or the Scripps-Howard management, as the *Daily Worker* has pointed out, edits the copy thus:

In New York Mr. Stolberg writes of the "party line":

The resulting bitterness is incredible. It broke up the powerful Maritime Federation of the Pacific, which today is on its last legs.

In San Francisco the same "facts" were presented:

The resulting bitterness is incredible. It threatens to break up the powerful Maritime Federation of the Pacific.

In New York Harry Bridges, head of the West Coast District of the I.L.A., "has been especially devious in the game of playing both ends against the middle." In San Francisco this was omitted. In New York Stolberg can point to "several cases" in which Bridges fought the C.I.O. even during the C.I.O.'s strikes, up to April 1937. He forgot to point to the cases in New York, and does not include this accusation in San Francisco.

In New York, Stolberg writes, "Western non-maritime labor, especially in the clothing unions, is up in arms against Bridges." This statement did not appear in San Francisco. In New York: "Of late John Lewis has been showing signs of regretting this decision" [appointment of Bridges as West Coast C.I.O. director]. These regrets failed to appear in the San Francisco article. Stolberg in New York: "Bridges staged a little 'Moscow trial,' accusing Mays of being a Trotskyite, which he wasn't." In San Francisco the phrase "which he wasn't" was omitted.

Stolberg: Thus in March 1937 he [Bridges] threw a picket line around the Matson docks in San Francisco against the local of C.I.O. shipbuilding workers, claiming that the job of scraping the boats belonged to his A. F. of L. longshoremen. At that time even Brophy protested by wire.

The scalers' union, affiliated with the International Longshoremen's Association, was scaling all ships except those at the Matson dock. It asked the shipbuilding workers to transfer twenty-two men involved to the scalers' union and end jurisdictional disputes. The request was turned down, and the scalers threw a picket line around the dock. The dispute had nothing to do with the C.I.O.-A. F. of L. split. Bridges had already publicly favored a referendum of the I.L.A. for C.I.O. affiliation. Brophy never wired a protest, but wrote to the scalers approving a conference to settle the jurisdictional dispute.

CLEARLY, Mr. Stolberg's "facts" do not withstand scrutiny. And once the factual basis is destroyed, nothing remains but the Red-baiting.

But Stolberg's brand of Red-baiting has serious overtones for the trade-union movement. It is subtle and "objective," and it helps the employers in their attack on the unions. When this Red-baiting is bolstered by "facts" manufactured by a shrewd and unprincipled hireling and designed purely to mislead workers and their middle-class allies, it becomes an attack upon the whole progressive, anti-fascist movement.

Ben Stolberg is an old-timer at his job. He is one of the most cunning sophists among the American Trotskyites. He is, in the words of John Brophy, director of the C.I.O., "a renegade radical" hired "to do the dirty work of besmirching the labor movement." He is utilized by "an erstwhile liberal chain of newspapers which has capitalized over the years on its reputation of being liberal and progressive. . . . The labor movement," Brophy concluded, "is finding out who are its enemies."

Farewell

Water-color by Georges Schreiber (A.C.A. Gallery)

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Hitler's Second Crisis

By Gabriel Péri

PARIS, February 7 (By Cable).

THE severity of the crisis in Germany was first disclosed by the cancellation of the Reichstag meeting, originally scheduled for January 30. That session was called off despite announcements that Hitler would deliver a major address. It rapidly became evident that this adjournment was made necessary by the existence of acute differences within the highest bodies of the Third Reich. It is even likely that these differences were capable of finding expression in an attempted military coup d'etat.

On January 28, Heinrich Himmler, the Gestapo's chieftain, reported to Hitler upon the discontent of the military. General Werner von Fritsch, the now displaced commander-in-chief, it is revealed, then ordered troop movements, designed to take over strategic points in the capital. It appears that General Wilhelm Keitel, hitherto head of the administrative department of the War Ministry, stepped in to save the situation. He obtained War Minister von Blomberg's resignation, which had been demanded by the Reichswehr; in exchange, he secured renunciation by the Reichswehr of the coup d'etat. This explains the broad powers now vested in General Keitel who is not only head of the "supreme command" of the armed forces but actively in charge of the War Ministry. Nobody but Hitler ranks above him.

The fact that Keitel was given such extensive powers and that Goering—contrary to expectation—failed to get the War Ministry, gave rise to interpretations that the Reichswehr emerged triumphant from the crisis. This interpretation is false.

On the contrary, February 4 marks the Nazification of the military, economic, and diplomatic machinery of the Third Reich. The unification of command has been accomplished and handed over to the Führer, who is now surrounded by docile generals. The suspected army chiefs are gone. The war economy has been handed over to Goering. Schacht's entourage has been fired. Von Ribbentrop and a crew of Nazis have taken over the Wilhelmstrasse.

WHAT IS the significance and explanation of these changes? What differences separate the opposing groups?

The essential problem at the bottom of the German crisis is that of raw materials, reflected by the difficulties in fulfilling the so-called four-year plan. For several months, in opposition to Hitler, Goering, and Goebbels, military and economic circles have stressed the weakness of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis in respect to raw materials. The four-year plan cannot compensate for this infirmity.

In an article on Japan as a naval power, the latest number (January 1938) of the *Militärwissenschaftliche Rundschau,* published by the War Ministry, states:

> With the exception of rich deposits of copper and sulphur, Japan is poor in natural wealth, so that its raw materials are absolutely inadequate in relation to the needs of its highly developed shipbuilding industry and its heavy industry. Particularly acute in the decisive raw materials—coal, iron, and oil—this shortage of raw materials is felt all the more acutely in an island country like Japan, which risks the suspension of all imports in case of war.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung,* closely linked to the Schacht circles, in its issue of January 1, was still more pessimistic:

> If these powers [England, the United States, and the U.S.S.R.] were to unite, it is believed that Japan's power would simply be crushed. A brief heroic resistance, followed by collapse—that is the idea impressed on anyone who studies the figures of warship tonnage and foreign commerce.

Italy, too, is viewed by these circles in the same light as Japan, namely, her shortage of raw materials makes her a burden rather than a support. Thus the *Kriegswirtschaftliche Jahresberichte,* another of the War Ministry's publications, declares that as early as the war against Ethiopia "the economic forces of the country were stretched to the limits of the possible, so that Italy, which had minor gold and valuta reserves, was forced to employ every bit of its economic resources." The *Deutsche Volkswirt,* Schacht's own organ, calculates that Italy is forced to import 85 percent of its coal, 63 percent of its iron and steel, 92 percent of its copper, and 98 percent of its oil.

UNDER SUCH CONDITIONS, the problem of raw materials becomes the most vulnerable point in the war axis. National-Socialist foreign policy, combined with the policy of autarchy, involving economic isolationism, has brought Germany to the brink of catastrophe. The Nazi Party hotly replies that such considerations are "defeatist." Note in this connection a statement entitled "The Four-Year Plan Will Consolidate the Community of the People" in the *Völkischer Beobachter* of February 2. Its author, Herr Nonnenbruch, the Nazi economic specialist, implies that the party intends to carry through, against the opposition of some industrial and military leaders, its intensified policy of war and autarchy. Between the lines, he serves notice that a vast campaign of social demagogy is in the offing under slogans for the continuation of the National-Socialist "revolution," for *Volksgemeinschaft* or a "people's community," and "Socialism." Such a campaign would serve to deflect the growing discontent of the workers and the middle classes, and also forestall the coalescence of considerable opposition to the regime.

The difficulties of the Japanese army and Japan's economy, and the check to the Italian armies in Spain, have been subjected to severe commentary in various publications, culminating in criticism of the policy of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis. All these problems were brought up in a recent meeting held in a German city by representatives of the industrial and military circles. The spokesmen of heavy industry complained about Schacht's departure and Goering's new plans for the "nationalization" of factories. A number of them raised their voices against the new organization of industry, which frequently leaves war-industry plants without raw materials, causing work stoppages of several days. The Reichswehr leaders read a report on the situation in the Italian army, according to which Mussolini would need eighteen months to reorganize his army. During the course of this same meeting, army men and industrialists condemned the excesses in anti-religious persecution. It was decided to insist upon a ban of the *Stürmer.*

THESE ARE, it appears, the facts about the conflict which has culminated in measures similar in effect to those taken after the Nazi "blood purge"—Hitler's first crisis—of Jun 30, 1934, and consecrate the 100 percen Nazification of Germany. This Nazificatio can cause special harm in the diplomatic fiel The appointment of von Ribbentrop as hea of the Foreign Ministry testifies to a desi to magnify the importance of the "axis." Tl diplomatic posts at Tokyo and Rome will handed over to men recruited from the N extremists. Von Papen, yanked out of Vien at the demand of the Austrian Nazis, will replaced with a putsch specialist.

The foreign policy which has triumphed that of synchronized coups. The repercu sions of the February 4 decisions will, in likelihood, be felt simultaneously in Austri and Spain. It is noteworthy that one of the first demonstrations of the post-February 4 foreign policy was an article by Baldur von Schirach, the Nazi youth leader, demanding greater obedience from Austria to the Third Reich. As for Spain, it is known that until now the Reichswehr interpreted the Berchtesgaden accord between Mussolini and Hitler in a narrow fashion and more or less evaded large-scale collaboration with Italy in the Spanish war. This obstacle has vanished That is why Mussolini was the first to congratulate the Führer upon his decision.

The world has advanced on the road t war. It is difficult to forecast in just w sector of Europe the consequences of Fe ary 4 will first be felt, but it is certain these actions would defy explanation if were not the immediate perspective o Third Reich.

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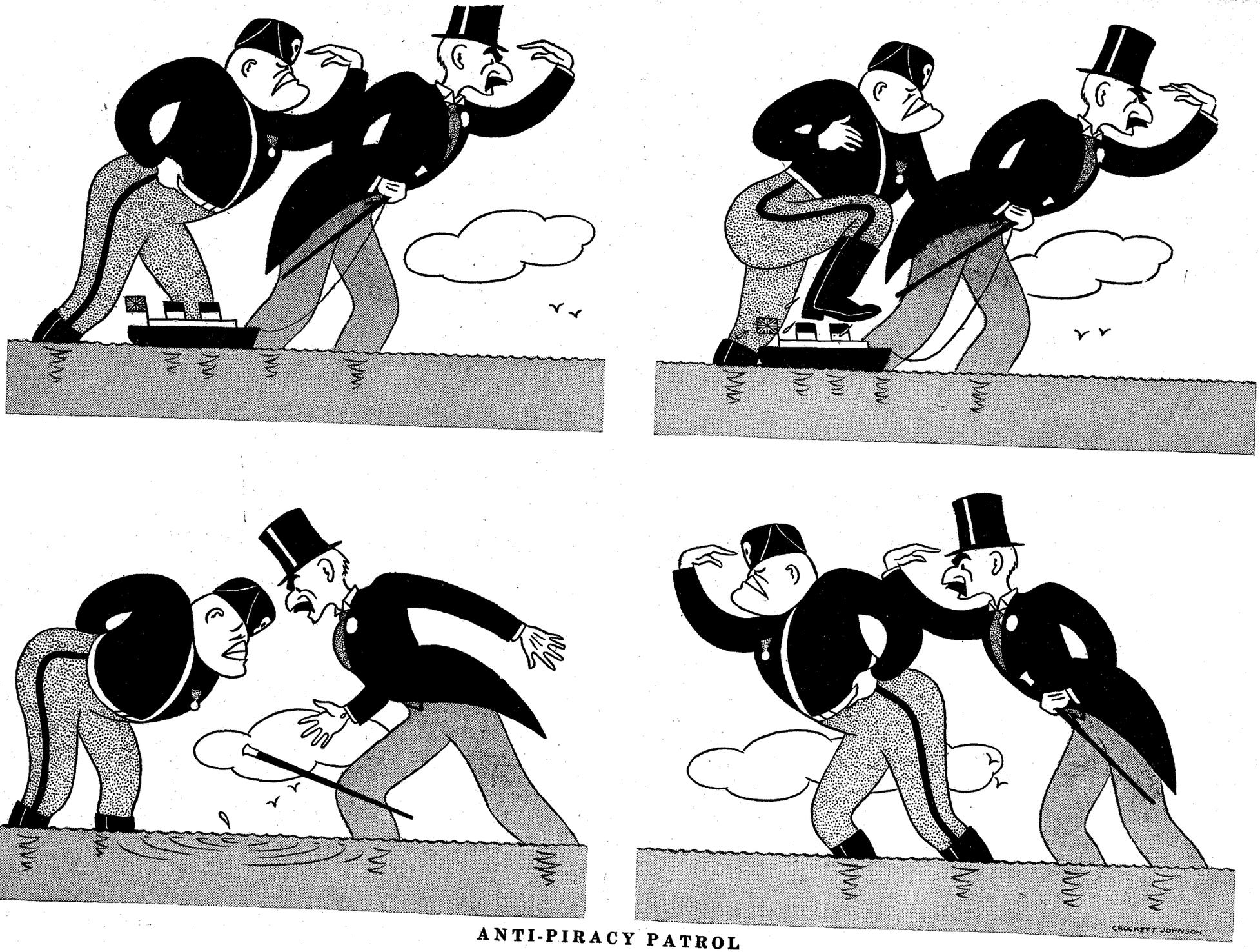

ANTI-PIRACY PATROL

Crockett Johnson

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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Little Business Meets

LITTLE business's recession conference in Washington last week had hardly got started when the tory press began giving it the horse-laugh. The press emphasized those superficial provincialisms and conflicting and confused ideas—which it misses no opportunity to deepen—by interpreting everything, including this conference, to suit itself.

One Washington newspaper banner-headlined a smear at the conferees' clamor for a solution of their real problems: "Little Fellows Have Busy Day." But when these "little fellows" mistakenly brought forward some of big business's own complaints against New Deal labor and reform policies, behold, the same tory press suddenly embraced them as fully conscious allies of those trusts which the small businessmen emphatically recognized as their foe.

Small business sometimes feels itself hard-pressed between the ever-encroaching trusts and their banks, and the new rising force of labor. The latter appears more acutely in the visible new strength of unions daily confronting employers in the human shape of shop committees and negotiators. The small businessmen followed the classic pattern of confusion in seeking to strike at labor and consumers while simultaneously hitting at the trusts above.

The error in this needs to be explained by labor and other progressives on the political front. It is hardly surprising when you reflect that these small business allies have often been conspicuously neglected by labor's political organizations and that the big-business press dins its distorted reports and perniciously self-interested interpretations into the ears of small business on every occasion, including this one.

But the small businessmen brought forward three problems conveniently obscured by reactionary scribes like Mr. Arthur Krock, very busy taking a laugh at Roosevelt's expense, which can and must be solved at the expense of the trusts. More loudly than for anything else, the little businessmen called for easier credit, monopoly control, and tax relief.

The New Deal has espoused all these policies in principle. It should now execute them. It should insure credit to small business by loosening strings which the banks hold so tightly and by providing government loans if necessary. It should revise taxes to allow small business expansion for continuing the new plugs in loopholes which big business previously used and wants to reopen. It should go forward with its anti-monopoly program, including just such tax measures as well as new and direct control of monopoly.

If these things are done, with labor's consent and labor's initiative in clearing the air at home through broader people's-front political organizations, small business will recede promptly from its mistaken opposition to similar items backed by Roosevelt—the constant cheering of whose name by these small businessmen was another conference detail obscured by the tory newspapers.

War Danger Greater

MARRIAGES, as well as songs, are assuming social significance. The Windsor-Wally affair might have been an accident, but the von Blomberg episode cannot be dismissed quite so easily. As Gabriel Péri explains in this issue, some sort of explosion was inevitable when army disaffection reached the point of a contemplated overthrow of the Nazi regime. The conflicts described in Péri's article are so basic that they could have come to the surface only after clandestine development over a long period.

Von Blomberg's marriage, whatever the personal motivation, became a fighting issue only because the officers' corps sought a showdown on certain aspects of Hitler's policy. Since his elevation as war minister, von Blomberg had become a pawn of the Nazis —to the disappointment of his associates who considered themselves more or less independent of Nazi influence. The army malcontents found ready allies among the industrial and financial circles represented by former Minister of Economics Schacht, whose resignation was forced three months ago. Franco's failure to achieve a speedy victory, the palpable weakness in basic raw materials of Italy and Japan, and the rearmament programs of the democratic powers inflamed the smoldering dissension.

Hitler has scored a victory over his foes in the ruling circles, but only by simultaneously narrowing the basis of his support. He has made the Nazi party supreme, but he has done so by eliminating opponents rather than by solving problems. The "moderate" and "extremist" camps in Germany, as in Japan, differ over method rather than principle. The extremists throw discretion to the winds; the moderates emphasize adequate preparation before the next adventure is launched. That is why the war danger is greater now than before. With Nazi extremists in control of the army, the foreign office, and the national economy, anything goes.

Vicious Armament Circle

SECRETARY HULL's letter to Japan, demanding full information about that country's new battleships and cruisers, would have been unnecessary had Japan not walked out of the London Naval Conference two years ago. Despite assurances made then that a naval race was not in prospect, it was obvious that uncertainty as to Japan's naval plans would soon force the other powers to build up or face the possibility of being outclassed.

But Mr. Hull's letter would have been equally unnecessary had not the United States, in common with France and Great Britain, permitted Japan to get away with its Manchurian invasion. This observation is not made in the spirit of crying over spilled milk. One aggression, unless stopped, leads to another; the inevitable result is a ruinous armament race forced upon the peaceful powers because they neglected their duty when peace was broken. There is a causal connection between the Manchurian aggression, the failure of the London Conference, the present war in China, and the new naval race.

It is a vicious circle. And the way out of it is not a naval race. The basic premise behind any such race is that this country must be *independently* strong enough to face any potential aggression. Admiral Leahy, in his testimony before the House Naval Affairs Committee, grouped the naval strength of Italy, Germany, and Japan together, indicating that an "adequate" naval program would at least have to equal the navies of these three powers combined. In response to a direct question, Admiral Leahy admitted that even with the contemplated increases in naval strength, it would be impossible to defend both Atlantic and Pacific coasts at the same time. Obviously any American naval strategy which groups the fascist nations together as a bloc—and this is the only realistic strategy —is doomed to failure unless it is also predicated on the united strength of a democratic bloc joined together by a policy of collective security.

A naval race is either futile or unnecessary. It is futile if it is undertaken in isolation from the other democratic powers

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cause no nation can build enough ships to achieve isolationist "security" without taxing itself into bankruptcy. And even that might not help. It is unnecessary because a policy of concerted peace action is the only guarantee of peace and security and such a program needs no naval race. The peaceful powers are easily strong enough now, if they stand together, to ensure peace.

Expelling Part of the C.I.O.

WILLIAM GREEN is reported to have had tears in his eyes when he announced that he would resign from the United Mine Workers. His voice is said to have shaken when he declared that the A. F. of L. executive council had expelled the U.M.W. from the Federation along with the flat-glass workers and the smelter workers.

The expulsions were more logical than they appeared at first glance. Why did the executive council expel only three of the ten suspended unions, although all ten were guilty of equal participation in organizing the unorganized? Why did they select the smaller C.I.O. unions of flat-glass and smelter workers to accompany the largest and strongest union in the nation, the United Mine Workers? Because—and the answer is another tribute to the A. F. of L. executive ouncil's devotion to the cause of unity—the 'ederation's high priests hoped to create a olit in the C.I.O. by singling out three nions for expulsion while the remaining .I.O. affiliates remained technically a part the A. F. of L.

Green saved his face by bolting the .M.W. before the union could put him on al for dual unionism. And just as Green's edictions of two years ago that the C.I.O. ould never be able to organize the steel inistry proved false, so his and the council's xpectations that the C.I.O. will now disingrate seem a little wishful. Pledges of confidence in and solidarity with the C.I.O. by the affiliated unions began to pour into U.M.W. headquarters immediately after the expulsion order was published. It is not reported, but quite credible, that William Green again had tears in his eyes.

Tom Girdler Approves

WHEN Tom Girdler finds "a radical like Benjamin Stolberg . . . pointing o the insidious Communistic influences in C.I.O.," he is comforted. In his statet, Mr. Girdler shows his appreciation of Scripps-Howard chain's attempt to create lit within the C.I.O. between the left- and progressive forces, and his approval e "radical" hired to do the job. Unfortunately for the peace of mind of Mr. Girdler and his friends, the labor movement immediately saw through the clumsy device and condemned it. An article in this issue reveals the more important misrepresentations and falsifications resorted to by Stolberg.

So far as its intentions were concerned, the Stolberg series was a flop. Yet the union-haters refuse to relinquish the Red-baiting formula which they steadfastly believe may some day cause the labor movement to wither and so die. No matter how often their patent union-remover proves inefficacious, their faith in it remains. And despite labor's repudiation of Stolberg, the reactionaries seize upon the failure of the United Mine Workers' convention to remove from its constitution an old clause barring Communists from membership in the U.M.W. as proof that the "Reds" are outcasts.

Today there are thousands of acknowledged Communist members of the mine union. The unfortunate clause in the U.M.W. constitution is a carry-over which should be eliminated from the constitution as it has been eliminated in actual practice. Anyone who has observed the actions of the mine union in the last two years realizes that the clause does not reflect the realistic attitude of the rank and file or their leaders. The U.M.W., as the recent convention illustrated once again, is one of the most active and effective forces in the fight for progress and democracy.

Martin's Red-Baiting

LAMENTABLY, the head of one C.I.O. union mistook the Red-baiting of the past few weeks as a splendid opportunity to ingratiate himself with the employers. Homer Martin, president of the United Automobile Workers, whom Stolberg described as a labor leader in many ways superior to Lewis, Brophy, Murray, and Hillman, brashly joined the hue and cry against the militants. With the Lovestoneites egging him on, Martin discovered in the program of collective security a "Communist plot" to "plunge America into war." In addition, he warned against Communists in the leadership of unions, though he generously granted that Communists had the right to membership. It might be added that Martin could hardly abrogate in one breath the constitution of his own union and the stated policy of the C.I.O., both of which prohibit inquiry into a member's political beliefs.

Homer Martin, whose former actions have too often been highly irresponsible, and who has surrounded himself with a small group of political racketeers, has Red-baited in the past. Each time his words have aroused resentment and protest in the U.A.W. and in the labor movement as a whole. His latest outburst, inspired by the Lovestone clique, keeps alive the factionalism that has plagued the automobile union. Martin recently pledged himself to eliminate factionalism. If instead of slandering the Communists, he would concentrate on solving the pressing problems now facing automobile workers, he would enhance his stature as a trade unionist. Moreover, he would help end factionalism and would begin to participate in the activities undertaken by the majority of leaders in the auto union. These leaders, closer to the rank and file than Martin—a relative newcomer to the labor movement—shun Red-baiting which weakens the union. They are concerned with the need to consolidate victories already won, to fighting for adequate relief for the unemployed, to building Labor's Non-Partisan League, and to forwarding the drive to organize Ford.

Off-Color Remarque

THE Will Hays office was established ostensibly to guard the purity of American movies. Just how this organization purifies the cultural stream can be seen from its treatment of the coming film based on Erich Maria Remarque's *Three Comrades*. F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edward Paramore wrote a script which contained all the essentials of the original. When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer turned it over to the Hays office for approval, the Nazi consul and Joe Breen, Hays's handyman and Legion of Decency representative, had a confab about it and turned thumbs down.

A conference followed, at which two main objections were cited by Breen: first, the script indicated that hordes of uniformed young men were going around Germany doing things not exactly in the Galahad tradition; second, Jews and others in Germany were being treated in something less than a humane and civilized way. Both elements must come out. Producer Joseph Mankiewicz objected, saying that history and the original novel demanded that both elements remain. Louis B. Mayer, M.G.M. executive, backed Breen, arguing that Metro stood to lose money through a Nazi boycott if the script were produced. At this point the brilliant Breen made a suggestion which he insisted would please everyone, including the Nazis: make the young thugs Communists instead of storm troopers. Mankiewicz slammed his script on the table and stormed out, threatening to tear up his contract if any such thing were done.

Finally a compromise script was accepted. Persecuted German Jews and Catholics will be interested to know that Mayer and Breen

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have collaborated in authorizing a script denuded of any suggestion that Jews and Catholics are not wholly comfortable in Nazi-land, and in which the storm troopers have been reduced to a barely discernible mnimum. This does not necessarily mean that the film will be worthless; what it does mean is that an honest book and honest film artists have little chance against capitalist greed, guarded in the name of decency by the vulgarians of the Hays office.

A Sick Federal Theater

THE resignation of the eminently efficient Edward Goodman as head of the popular priced theater in New York City is only one of a mounting number of disturbing symptoms of the serious ailment that seems to be undermining the once so promising Federal Theatre Project. Since the reorganization of the Federal Theatre in August 1937, the New York City project, Mr. Goodman charges, has eliminated the circuit theater, stopped free performances for those on relief, virtually abandoned the excellent and popular children's theater. There has been a considerable increase in admission prices and a corresponding decrease in attendance. Productions are fewer, and in comparison with the earlier period less stimulating. The few good productions at present were largely planned and executed by the previous administration. Mr. Goodman points to "the dissatisfaction and demoralization of a vast majority of the workers; ever-increasing and delaying complication of procedure; broken promises and evasions; demotions, 'sliding scale' salaries and dismissals, for the avowed purpose of economy—counterbalanced by a surprising increase in high-salaried non-relief positions which results in increased expenditure rather than economy."

As if this were not distressing enough there are also the charges that the new administration has launched a policy "sometimes veiled, sometimes outspoken" of anti-unionism and espionage. The situation is obviously serious. At the very time that agitation has started for the passage of the Federal Arts Bill and that hopes are rising higher for the flowering of a rich national culture the demoralization of the forces on the theatrical front calls for drastic measures.

The Gerson Case Issue

THE drive for the removal of S. W. Gerson, assistant to Borough President of Manhattan Stanley M. Isaacs, on the ground that he belongs to the Communist Party, has at last reached the first pages of both the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*. The hierarchy of the Catholic Church has stepped into the picture, and so has the state commander of the American Legion. No attempt has been made to show that Gerson is incompetent or that Mr. Isaacs did not have full legal right to appoint him. The case against Gerson is based wholly on the "red herring" issue, which has been puffed up in the most vulgar and most obvious sense.

The Communist Party's legality is not in question; one of its candidates in the recent municipal campaign came within a few votes of election to the City Council. If a precedent is now set barring a Communist from an appointive post in the government, the next step will be a drive against Communists in elective posts. That could not be done without making the Communist Party illegal. And any such drive against the Communist Party, as the history of fascism has demonstrated, is but a screen and a beginning for a general drive against the labor and trade union movement—a drive already apparent in the current Red-baiting campaign.

Gerson's right to hold an appointive office is clearly established by the right of Communists to hold elective offices. The campaign to oust him has reached a point where it is advisable for all liberals and progressives to step in.

The metropolitan bourgeois press, now a sound-box for every bit of reactionary noise against Gerson, should be made to feel the readers' resentment. This goes especially for the Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram,* which followed the Stolberg anti-labor series with an editorial demand for Gerson's scalp. Borough President Isaacs needs to know that progressive people will give him full support in this test of constitutional government.

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FORSYTHE'S PAGE

"Stop the Fight!"

ABOUT twice a year I go up to Madison Square Garden to see somebody get his brains beaten out. Originally I did it out of fascination and horror, sitting uncomfortably in my seat and being among the first to yell "Stop the fight!" I was always putting myself in the place of the battered warrior and suffering. That has all changed in late years. The earlier the knockout, the better I like it. That's the way I am now.

In the first preliminary at the Garden last Friday was an attractive boy named Andy Thomas. He was tall and fast, and he had a very sweet left jab. His opponent was a boy who looked as if he might have been reared on a raft. He was tough. Andy waltzed around this baby in the first round, making somewhat of a monkey of him. He would jab and dance away; he would tie up the raft graduate in the clinches; he looked like a champion. Then, after 1.32 of the second

ound, the raft laddie reached up and popped ur Andy on the button, and he went right nack down on the back of his neck and ayed there. I have rarely been so happy. I ood up and howled. I think this will halt the igilistic career of Andy Thomas, and I cerinly hope so. My sincerest wish is that Andy oke up Saturday morning with a suspicious zzing in his ears which lasted for five days d was accompanied by seasickness. I hope was shamed before all his companions on e block. I hope he will never pull on a boxig glove again as long as he lives. Which ccounts for my happiness when a boxer gets a clubbing his first time out.

What I really went up to the Garden for as the massacre of an acquaintance of mine called Glen Lee, of Edison, Neb. I met the oung man on a train coming back from California several months ago and found him a ice fellow. When you play penny ante with man for three days, you either like him or ou go off to the next car and lock yourself the washroom so you'll never see him again. ie didn't smoke, he didn't drink, he shadowoxed every morning in the baggage car, and could bluff him out of any pot with a kel raise. He was gentle enough, but he the marks of one who had been clubbed uently about the head. His left ear in was a mess and his manager explained the accident had happened in a bout with Janazzo. It had meant a layoff of two hs, during which time Lee grew out of elterweight class and missed a chance to fight Barney Ross for the championship. He was then on his way East to tackle the middleweights.

I saw him fight Walter (Popeye) Woods shortly after that, and my heart failed me as I watched it. The plain truth is that Glen Lee takes four wallops to get in one, and I know what that means. Woods wore himself out about the fifth round, and Lee came on to win. The fans around me were marveling at his toughness. "What a boy!" Personally I wasn't so overjoyed. I could look down through the years and see the end for the young man who played penny ante so badly. Without the slightest doubt whatever, he will end with no money and no faculties. The faculties will go first; after that it will be a mere matter of his friends selling him stock in such wonderful investments as oil wells which turn out to be as dry as a Methodist camp meeting.

With this thought in mind I approached the Garden last week with the liveliest hopes. Apostoli, his opponent, is the uncrowned middleweight king. He has within the last year knocked out both Marcel Thil, the international champion, and Freddie Steele, the American title-holder. By a curious reasoning known only to boxing experts, one can knock out a champion without becoming a champion, but I will not confuse you with that here. Suffice to say that Apostoli is extremely clever and also a killer. My wish was that Apostoli would knock Glen Lee through the skylight with the first punch. In fact it looked as if he might because he started clipping Lee on the jaw almost immediately. Lee wasn't fazed in the slightest; he kept slugging back. In the fifth round it seemed impossible that he could weather the storm. Apostoli, the murderer, hit him approximately eight hundred times flush on the chin and never budged him. The fans around me were becoming maniacal. "What a man! Boy, can he take it!"

Well, he did take it and he almost won the fight, and I was miserable. I wanted to see him murdered. I wanted to see Glen Lee knocked so cold that Nebraska would consider withdrawing from the Union. If one merciful punch could do it, I would be pleased, but I would be happy if he were clubbed into submission. Better one annihilation now than a hundred brutal beatings later on. If he continues in boxing Glen Lee will end as a stumble-bum, a punch-drunk wreck, walking on his heels. Nobody can take such beatings without suffering. There are literally dozens of old fighters who are blind. Either Jamaica Kid, the old colored pug, is dead or somebody has bought him off, for he no longer stands in the lobby of the Garden on fight nights with his tin cup and cane, begging alms. It wasn't the best advertising for prize fighting, and somebody may have thought of that.

Occasionally a smart fighter beats the racket. Gene Tunney quit early and with a fortune; Jack Dempsey quit just in time. But Mickey Walker lives from hand to mouth, his money all gone; Ad Wolgast is in an insane asylum; Battling Nelson is a doddering wreck; Sam Langford is almost blind; Joe Gans died of tuberculosis; Rocky Kansas is on relief; Jim Braddock was on relief until a few lucky breaks saved him; Sammy Mandell is broke.

In short it is one of the lousiest of professions, and a man like Steve Hamas is fortunate. He was a promising heavyweight until Max Schmeling pulverized him in Hamburg. The beating Hamas took was so severe that he has never been able to fight again, and if he doesn't offer up hosannahs every night he should. What always irritates me are the stories in the newspapers about fighters' earnings. "Joe Louis will make a million dollars this year; Fred Apostoli earned eight thousand dollars on last night's fight; Nathan Mann will get fifteen thousand dollars for his end of the Louis fight." It is nonsense. Officially the manager gets 33⅓ of his fighter's earnings, but actually they split 50-50.

In addition there are training expenses, travel, etc. There are people to fix, politicians to pay off, publicity to buy. The fighter is never bright financially, and he is busy training and fighting. By the time all expenses are entered (and he is in no position to know how authentic they are), he is lucky if he gets a third of the purse. He will be still luckier if his sporting friends leave him with a dime by the time his career is ended.

Having reached this point, I am disturbed by the news that the Soviet Union is going nuts over boxing, and I can only outline a few words of advice to hide my confusion.

(a) The first fighter's second or trainer who says: "Go in there and slug, boy; he can't hurt us," will be dumped in the Volga.

(b) The first spectator who says "What a man! Did you ever see anybody who could take it like that!" will be bopped severely over the dome from the rear.

(c) The first trainer who allows a fighter to continue after he has received a bad cut over the eye will be officially designated as a wrecker and shot.

(d) Anybody possessing a cauliflower ear will be regarded as a hoodlum.

(e) All prize-fight managers will be treated like whiteguard officers.

Under this code things will be better and may even be included as part of the national defense. Since it is a sport which inevitably attracts all the bums in the neighborhood, it will be a simple matter to watch over boxing and take in tow every gentleman who appears in hard hat, belted topcoat, and long cigar. He will most assuredly be a wrong-o and perhaps even a promoter. In no case will he be any good.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

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Japan Fights the Boycott

By Robert Stark

IT IS within the power of American women to deal the Japanese aggressors a powerful and perhaps a decisive blow. Their weapon is the boycott. But an attempt is being made to snatch that weapon from their hands. Japan and her American confederates are trying to cripple the boycott movement, spread fantastic lies regarding its effects and impracticality—and even to enlist in their campaign workers who are entirely unaffected by the boycott of silk.

If American foreign policy has provided the anti-climax of silence and hesitation after the trumpets of Roosevelt's Chicago speech, the boycott of Japanese products is demonstrating the will of millions of Americans to halt Japanese militarism in China. The more inclusive and general the boycott becomes, the more will it serve not only as a popular implementing of the president's speech, but also as steady pressure upon the administration and Congress toward a genuine peace policy. Such a peace policy would include not only the people's "quarantine" of Japanese products, but the legal prohibition as well of all munitions and war materials to Japan—and the opening of our fullest resources to China for defense against aggression.

There lies the danger of the boycott to Japan. Halt the movement now, destroy it now, and Japan can breathe easier. Already the boycott has forced large syndicate store chains to cancel orders for Japanese goods or place them elsewhere. Bonfires have been fed with Japanese gimcracks. Both the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. have endorsed the boycott upon Japanese manufactured articles.

But the key to the success of the boycott is *silk*. Raw silk is Japan's great "money crop," its most important single article of trade. The United States uses close to 90 percent of Japan's silk export—nearly 100 million dollars a year. More than 75 percent of the silk we consume goes into hosiery. The dollar value of the silk used for hosiery is even higher than its volume indicates, because the finer and more expensive grades are required for stockings.

The success of the boycott depends, therefore, upon the effectiveness of the movement to replace silk stockings with lisle in particular and with rayon. It is here that Japan strikes. The attack comes from the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers, from the Silk Exchange, the International Silk Guild. Even hosiery workers are roped in.

Behind the anti-boycott maneuvers is the Japanese government. Japan controls silk all the way from the egg which hatches the silk vorm to the price of silk in New York. The mpleteness of this control is itself a measure the importance which Japan attaches to silk. Japan is working through the organizations med above, and through an "Anti-Boycott Committee" whose members include Paolino Gerli, William H. Gosch, Emil Rieve, president of the American Association of Hosiery Workers, and S. B. Hoffman, president of the Upholsterers' International Union. Two union men and two capitalists—that's the fine hand of the publicity man.

The public relations expert is Chester M. Wright, with offices at 1003 "K" Street, Washington, D. C. Mr. Wright has numbered among his clients former President Machado (The Bloody) of Cuba, former President Calles of Mexico (who went into exile with a copy of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*), and Luis Morones, corrupt head of the C.R.O.M., the discredited trade union federation which Toledano's C.T.M. has largely supplanted. The first job of this press agent was to stage the counter-demonstration of hosiery workers ("Wear Silk and Save Our Jobs") against the cotton and rayon fashion show in Washington, on January 28.

Who is Paolino Gerli? Mr. Gerli is the president of the International Silk Guild, vice-president of E. Gerli & Co., one of the largest importers of raw silk, and a founder of the Silk Exchange. When the Federal Trade Commission issued its recent rules on rayon identification, the accusation was made that the Silk Guild was a "Japanese propaganda agency" and that the Japanese government has "backed the move for fiber identification" in order to discredit textiles containing rayon (New York *Times,* November 13, 1937). The charge was denied by Mr. Gerli, who claimed that the Guild has "never received a dime from the Japanese government." But the fact is, as he admitted, that the $500,000-$750,000 fund of the Guild is raised by a contribution paid on each bale by the American importer. The arrangements for this propaganda campaign for silk were made by Mr. Gerli during one of his frequent trips to Japan. How much the Japanese government contributes to the sum raised here is not known, but in any event we do know that Japanese firms, headed by Mitsui & Co., control the import of silk into this country and are the biggest factors in the raw silk business. (Mr. Gerli is an admirer of his countryman, Benito Mussolini, and a close friend of high fascist officials.)

Let's examine Mr. William H. Gosch. He is the president of Nolde & Horst Sales Corporation—a Nazi-tinged outfit. (A subsidiary, Westminster, Ltd., continued to import German-made hosiery after Hitler's accession—and got severely burned by its losses before it would admit the potency of the anti-Nazi boycott.) Mr. Gosch is also the president of the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers. The Empire State Building, where he has his offices, also houses Mitsui & Co., and Mitsui officials have been buzzing around Gosch constantly for months. In the past few weeks he has had several visits from a representative of the Japanese embassy in Washington. Is it any wonder then that the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers, under date of January 8, 1938, wrote a letter to all manufacturers of women's hosiery, "Re: Anti-Silk Boycott," in which they said that they have been "in very close touch with the anti-silk boycott during the last three months." They fully realize their "responsibility to do every practical thing possible to protect the interests of the managements and the workers of this industry . . . the facts on our situation are of interest to the general public and we are therefore utilizing every available means for disseminating them. We have conferred with representatives of leading news services and a large number of publications with the result that the facts which we have furnished are beginning to appear before the public. Our release on the recent letter sent to Senator Norris was very widely used by the daily newspapers, and has had a good effect."

This letter enclosed a questionnaire for the purpose of ascertaining from the manufacturers how many machines they had working on lisle hosiery and in general to learn what effect the boycott has had. We shall deal further on with the information thus elicited. (Incidentally, Mr. Gosch is none too secure in his present job and the publicity he gets from the "anti-boycott" campaign may help convince his bosses that he is too valuable a man—and public figure—to lose.)

How does Emil Rieve come into this company? As international president of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers he would naturally be concerned over unemployment in the hosiery industry. Yet that unemployment is not due to the boycott. The pressure on Rieve is the necessity for negotiating new wage contracts with the unionized hosiery mills. The workers flatly rejected a recent proposal by William Leader, president of the big Philadelphia district of the union, for a 6 percent wage cut. Rieve endorsed their stand. Whereupon the manufacturers presented a set of proposals which meant a 20 to 50 percent cut —patently ridiculous. Suddenly the "Anti-Boycott Committee" is formed, with Rieve and another union man serving with two capitalists. It would appear that he has been high-pressured into going along with the manufacturers in the belief that it would help in the approaching negotiations. (In a private conversation some months ago, Rieve expressed his own sympathy for the silk boycott but feared that his own workers would not u stand his open support of it.)

Yet Rieve should know that the struggles of his own union, of the C.I.O., and of all worl ers, are intimately bound up with the fight fc

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democracy. He should be aware that in this country the workers fighting against the Tom Girdlers, the Henry Fords—and the Gosches—are part of the same working class that today, in China and in Spain, is defending itself against the armies of German and Italian and Japanese Girdlers and Fords and Gosches. He should know that the workers want peace and that just as labor unions halt the aggression of the bosses, so collective action against the aggressor nations can avert the slaughter of millions. As a Socialist who has read the history of the working class, he should remember the fortitude and sacrifices of the English cotton spinners and weavers who, for three long years, suffered and hungered—yet stood like a barricade against the South's slave-grown cotton and supported the North during the Civil War.

As a matter of fact, despite Rieve's public position and the decision of the executive council of the union, there is nothing like unanimity among the rank and file. Meetings of local unions in recent months have witnessed the sharpest discussion on the basic question of the boycott, whereas a year ago, on all trade union matters, there was practical agreement. A substantial section of the rank-and-file hosiery workers see the issue as one of supporting Japanese aggression or fighting it by supporting the boycott. And this in spite of the claims, as yet insufficiently challenged, that the boycott of Japanese silk means serious unemployment. In other words, if sacrifices similar to those made by the English cotton spinners during our Civil War were required today of American hosiery workers, great numbers of them would make the sacrifices without complaining.

But the facts show, and Emil Rieve and his executive council cannot help knowing, that no such sacrifices are today required of the hosiery workers. One-third of the workers are unemployed or working part time not because of the boycott, but because of the "recession" which began before the boycott. In the expectation of further price increases, the chain and department stores, and retailers generally, bought heavily in the early spring of 1937. Then, with heavy inventories and their jacked-up prices, they faced a slump in demand. The hosiery industry felt that slump in June! Industrial production slackened, unemployment increased, relief was cut off, consumer buying-power declined—and women bought fewer silk stockings.

It is not the boycott that is causing the unemployment among hosiery workers, but lessened demand due to lessened purchasing power. The consumption figures for raw silk, just released, show that while in January 1937 the total was 44,198 bales, the figure in January 1938 was only 30,715 bales. This is a decline of 30 percent. Yet the questionnaire which the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers sent to its members revealed that of the reporting, only 1 percent of the hosiery ies have been converted to lisle and rayon production.

Now let us take up the humbug about osiery workers being displaced by the substitution of the lisle full-fashioned hosiery for silk. I emphasize lisle since rayon hosiery is not yet acceptable to most American women because it tends to stretch, does not cling to the leg, does not wear well, and is often too glossy. But the following facts hold whether it be lisle or rayon that is used.

Does lisle hosiery require different machinery than silk? The answer is no. *Exactly the same machines are used, in exactly the same way, with the same workers, the same skill, the same time, and the same wages.* If the attack on the boycott were not so vicious, some of the arguments used against lisle would be laughable. Every woman knows, for example, that most service-weight stockings have lisle tops—and practically all but the sheerest stockings have lisle-plaited feet. That is the quickest reply to anybody who insists that there is some mysterious reason why hosiery manufacturers cannot make lisle stockings. They have been doing it all the time—at least part way down the leg.

Does the conversion to lisle make many hosiery machines useless? The answer again is *no*. Full-fashioned hosiery is knitted on machines with a greater or smaller number of needles to each inch and a half of the needle bar. The more needles, the finer the gauge. The tension has to be adjusted, the needles changed, and the machine is ready. They do that in any hosiery mill when they change from three thread to four thread hosiery. And many a mill, when the demand came for lisles, changed over within twenty-four to forty-eight hours. I know at least one mill which did it in less time.

More than 60 percent of the full-fashioned machinery is 42-gauge or coarser. The finer gauges are 45, 48, 51, 54, and 57. The 54- and 57-gauge machines can be dismissed from our consideration, first because there are so few of them, and second because they produce $1.50 and $2 stockings—"cobwebby, filmy creations of sheerest luxury." Lisle stockings are today being knit on 42-, 45- and 48-gauge machines, with 42-gauge by far the most popular. On December 13, 1937, the Hoover Hosiery Mills, of Concord, N. C., announced that it was going into production on 51-gauge lisle full-fashioned stockings. A few weeks later they withdrew the line because they claimed that they could not readily obtain a suitable domestic lisle yarn. However, their original plan is evidence that this mill had no doubt about being able to run lisle on fine gauge machinery, and the present lack of a suitable yarn reveals an opportunity for the American fine-spinning industry. The extremely fine gauges, 54 and 57, represent not much more than 5 percent of the full-fashioned machinery. The standard construction, 42-gauge, is made by 60 percent of the machinery. Since the intermediate gauges, 45, 48, and 51, can also make lisles, then it is clear that close to 90 or 95 percent of American machines can be converted to lisle hosiery.

The Educational Director of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, in a letter to the *Nation* (February 5, 1938) has stated that lisle hosiery cannot be made on approximately 40 percent of the machinery in the industry, indicating that he believes lisles can be made only on 42-gauge machines, which are the other 60 percent. But we have seen that lisles can be run on finer gauge machines. The hosiery manufacturers have not been anxious to convert the finer gauge machines to lisles, not only because of the anti-boycott propaganda, and the, as yet, relatively limited demand, but mainly because the bitterest competition centers on the 42-gauge stockings. The manufacturers have to make the greatest concessions to big buyers on 42-gauge stockings. Naturally, when they can get their price for lisles with little competition, they will convert their 42-gauge machines to lisles. On the finer gauges the manufacturers can make more money. That is why, in the current wage discussions, the largest wage cut the manufacturers demand would apply to the workers who operate the standard 42-gauge machines. The union also has the problem of getting more of the unionized manufacturers to run lisle and rayon full-fashioned hosiery, much of which is today manufactured in non-union shops.

A relatively small group of workers, about 5000, will be affected directly by the boycott on silk. These are engaged in silk throwing, twisting, and coning. But it should be added that a new machine, just perfected, is being installed in many plants which eliminates over 50 percent of the labor in these operations.

Meanwhile the boycott has given an impetus to fine cotton spinning in America, a branch of the industry which has been dormant for many years. The Durene Association, the mercerized yarn manufacturers, has announced a new lisle yarn, and the stockings made of it have been introduced by a swanky specialty shop chain. Beating its breast, the Durene Association issues press release after release declaring that it is opposed to the boycott and that it began to work on this yarn last March. Furthermore, it urges (publicly, at any rate) that only mesh stockings be made in lisle—for sports wear and with rough fabrics in dresses. Mesh stockings cost more because they entail the use of expensive attachments and a higher labor charge. So the lisle hosiery manufacturers—and there are fifty-five mills now known to be making lisles—go blithely on, most of them, making the same stockings in lisle that they made formerly in silk. And if they stopped to think about it (which they don't), they would probably wonder what all this fuss is about—they are running their mills, at a profit.

A word as to cost. The lisle yarn is cheaper than silk. It does cost the mill money to make the necessary adjustments. But when they start running they make more profit on lisle, at present prices. The wholesale price of the cheapest silk full-fashioned stockings is today around $4.50 a dozen (49-55c retail), while the cheapest lisle hose sell for around $5.25 dozen (59-69c retail.) A larger demand, call for lower prices, and more competition more mills enter the field, will bring pric down.

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Frederick Douglass, Forgotten Leader

By Saul Carson

BURIED in American history as effectively as if he had been a mere ephemeral sensation instead of one of the most vital factors of his time, is an American figure whose memory will not die in spite of all the tory and pseudo-liberal scholars and historians. His tradition is historical dynamite; for this reason there has been in existence for more than three decades an effective united front around the tacit agreement to let him lie buried. Next to Abraham Lincoln, he is in many ways the finest American figure in the half century between 1840 and 1890.

The giant around whose life and influence this implicit intellectual conspiracy exists is Frederick Douglass, greatest Negro leader in American history. His more militant principles, carried out logically and translated in terms of today's problems, lead to the passage and enforcement of the anti-lynching bill, to white and Negro unity in the trade unions, to common action on every front between white and Negro Americans, to fullest recognition of the Negro's equality in every respect—including the social level. Only in the last few years have these principles gained wide currency, and the credit is due to those progressive forces in American politics and trade-union activity which followed the path that Douglass blazed.

Yet James F. Rhodes's *History of the United States,* which devotes seven volumes to the period between 1850 and 1877, when the Negro problem was in the center of the American stage and Douglass in the center of the Negro problem, leaves even the very careful student with the impression that Douglass was just another of the many minor historical figures with which this exhaustive work is filled. John B. McMaster, whose nine-volume *History of the People of the United States* is considered standard in many metropolitan school systems, treats Douglass still more shabbily. His most pregnant allusion to Douglass takes the form of a casual remark about a letter from Douglass found in possession of John Brown when the latter was arrested after the Harper's Ferry putsch. McMaster does not even take the trouble to spell Douglass's name correctly. Edward Channing's six volumes have little room for mention and none for interpretation of Douglass's role; Oberholtzer admits Douglass was the Negro's leader during his long career but treats him briefly and with no sympathy; in his history, Claude Bowers recognizes Douglass's importance but, of course, looks upon him with contempt as just another of the "blacks" who tried to make things tough for the southern aristocracy during *The Tragic Years.*

B. Valloton (from an 1855 daguerrotype)

Frederick A. Douglass

FREDERICK DOUGLASS was born of a slave mother and a white father in Talbot County, in February 1817. His birthday—he was never certain of it—is usually celebrated on February 12, Lincoln's birthday. At the age of twenty-one he escaped from Baltimore and took refuge in New Bedford, Mass., where he lived quietly for three years. He was just another of the increasing numbers of fugitive slaves. In 1841 he appeared at an anti-slavery meeting in Nantucket, Mass., and was invited to speak of his experiences as a slave. After that speech he was made an organizer for William Lloyd Garrison's abolitionist society.

Douglass died at his home in Anacostia, D. C., on February 20, 1895. During his entire public career, dating from his appearance at the Garrisonian meeting in Nantucket in August 1941, he was the most brilliant and forceful leader the Negro people ever had and in many ways the most effective. It is possible here to indicate only a few of his contributions as a hint of what the historians have so conveniently forgotten.

IT WAS Douglass who was the greatest organizer of and agitator for political abolitionism in the ten years preceding the southern slaveholders' revolt against the Union. Until he had discarded the Garrisonian swaddling clothes in the early fifties, the most popular abolitionism was moral in character—politically immoral in effect. The Garrisonians were sectarians of the rankest kind. Their slogan was "No Union with Slaveholders." They held that the United States Constitution sanctioned slavery and that there was only one way to abolish slavery: cut the North from the South. So closely did this viewpoint approach that of the southern secessionists who arrived at the same principle of "disunion" from the other side of the fence, that the Garrrisonians actually "delighted" when one state after another started seceding following the election of Lincoln.

It was Douglass who, in a twenty-one-month tour of England, Scotland, and Ireland cemented firmly British opinion in favor of the American anti-slavery movement. He renewed his agitation in England just prior to the war here, when he had to take refuge there following his indictment as a conspirator with John Brown. Garrison's disunionism had led many British abolitionists, by 1862, to the position that it would be best for Great Britain to recognize the Southern Confederacy. It was Douglass's appeal to them that brought them back into line with the opposition to such recognition.

When John Brown's Harper's Ferry adventure failed, Garrison denounced it as "a misguided, wild, and apparently insane" effort. Douglass, who had known Brown for twelve years before Harper's Ferry, and who had advocated a subsidy for Brown at the convention of the Radical Political Abolitionists in 1855, stopped long enough in his flight from arrest to write a letter to a newspaper in Rochester, explaining why he had not gone along with Brown to Harper's Ferry, but pointing out that Brown's only fault was insufficient preparation for a wide, really popular revolt of the Negro.

From 1848 to his death, Douglass was the greatest figure in the Colored People's Conventions, the prototype of today's National Negro Congress.

He not only campaigned for Lincoln while the Garrisonians sat on the fence and wrung their hands, but immediately after hostilities broke out he called for the formation of Negro militia. When Lincoln finally consented to the enlistment of Negroes, only about one hundred recruits were enrolled in the first six weeks of the campaign in 1862. Then Douglass issued his call: "Men of Color: To Arms!" Massachusetts sent two Negro regiments into the field in consequence of Douglass's call, doubling the quota that state had undertaken to supply.

As early as 1852, when Harriet Beecher Stowe published *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and asked Douglass how she might best aid the Negro people, he suggested that she use her money for the establishment of an industrial college for Negroes. In the Colored People's Conventions during the following years, he continued fighting for establishment of such colleges, and he laid the basis for the industrial training movement which was later put into effect profitably by Booker T. Washington.

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While he advocated unity between whites and Negroes all his life, he insisted always that the Negro must help himself through organization. On the other hand, he fought always against the theory that the Negro must be the object of political philanthropy.

Douglass led a delegation representing a Negro convention to the White House in 1866 to insist that Andrew Johnson, who had stepped into the presidency over the prostrate body of the martyred Lincoln, carry out the promise of granting the franchise to the Negro. When Johnson posed as "the Moses of the Negro people," but refused the delegation permission even to deliver its message, Douglass defied him, threatened "to go to the people," organized pressure through Negro conventions, led the work of the Loyalist Convention in Philadelphia the following September, and helped materially to obtain passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, just as he had led in adding the Fourteenth and Thirteenth Amendments to the Constitution.

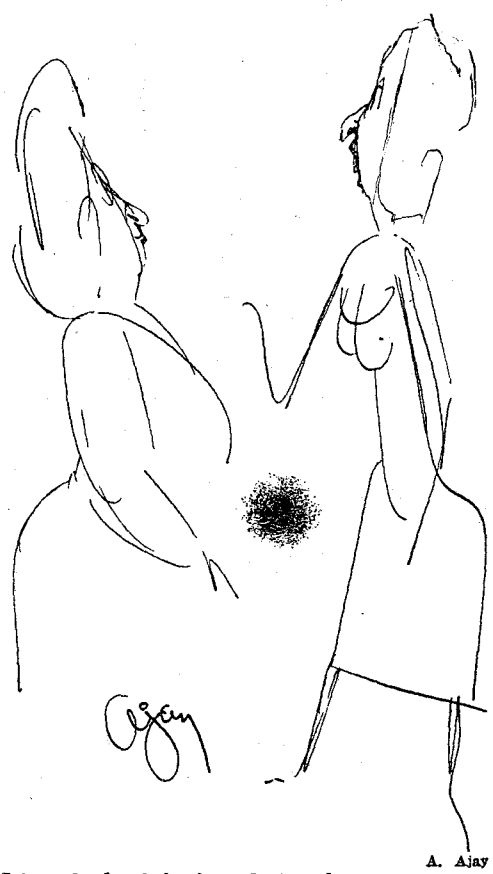
THROUGHOUT the reconstruction period Douglass was an outstanding leader in that era's battle for democracy. He did take a less outright position on trade unionism than some other, relatively uninfluential Negroes. But from the time he analyzed the conflict between Negro and white workmen during slavery as an artificial division benefiting their "common plunderer," until the end, he did not cease castigating the trade unions for "proscribing the colored man and preventing his children from learning useful trades."

Douglass warned in 1875 that, unless a Civil Rights Act were passed implementing the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments, the South would be full of "rapine, blood, and fire." The act was passed. When a reactionary Supreme Court declared it "unconstitutional," Douglass's denunciation of that Court was as modern as the fight yesterday's progressives made against the Supreme Court's emasculation of the New Deal.

Douglass was not in any sense a proletarian leader, even among the Negroes. But Douglass's life and activity pointed always to aggressive tactics, to uncompromising militance, to the involvement of the broadest masses in activities which, today, would lead to a people's front. He has been, consequently, not to the taste of America's "standard" historians.

Reading leftward, away from the "standard" sages, into the more liberal, the radical, and the Negro historians, we find a treatment of Douglass that is not much better. Richard Enmale, in his foreword to James S. Allen's *Reconstruction,* points out that Charles and Mary Beard think the newly enfranchised Negroes after the war "were in no way prepared to become an effective factor in the new order of society." Underrating the power of the newly freed Negroes in that period generally, the Beards underrate and underplay the influence of Douglass more particularly. And Allen, in the best and freshest monograph written on the reconstruction period, does estimate Douglass's role fully because he wrote of the "Folly, Tyranny, and Wickedness of Labor Unions" at a time when these refused to organize the Negro or to permit him to organize himself adequately.

The Negro historians and later Negro leaders, until very recently, did no better with Douglass. Booker T. Washington wrote a good biography of Douglass in 1906. That volume was Douglass's tombstone. Not only has there been no book devoted to Douglass since Washington's; there has not been published about Douglass since that time even a single magazine article of worth. One must except from this generality only the *Sunday Worker,* which, within the limitations of a Sunday newspaper magazine, has printed several good pieces about Douglass in the last few years. One of these articles, by Elizabeth Lawson, brought to light again a fact theretofore little known, about Douglass's nomination for the vice-presidency of the United States in 1872 on a ticket headed by the feminist Victoria Woodhull.



A. Ajay

"If Lincoln hadn't freed the slaves, we wouldn't need this anti-lynching bill."

The failure of the Negroes to take sufficient interest in Douglass may be explained by the fact that Booker Washington had risen to prominence as Douglass's life was coming to a close, and that Washington's ideas differed so widely from those of the leader who preceded him as spokesman for the American Negro. In 1893, in a speech in Atlanta, where Washington set out deliberately "to say something that would cement the friendship of the races," he put forth the central points in his philosophy in terms inferring clearly that the Negro was willing forever to be a subject race in America.

The Negro can be happy in the South under conditions as they are, Washington held. And he reassured the South further in regard to social equality. "In all things that are purely social, we can be as separate as the fingers," he declared. Douglass had been clearcut in his demand for full social equality all his life, and proved he meant genuine equality when he took a white woman for his wife in 1884.

Washington ended up logically in 1910 by asserting that "We have no race problem in Macon County." He was referring to the county in Alabama where Tuskegee is situated. Robert R. Moton, who succeeded Washington as principal of Tuskegee, followed in his master's path. To him, the Negro's salvation lay in dependence upon the friendship of "the best white people, both South and North." Moton made it very clear that by "best" he meant the rich. E. W. B. Du Bois, Carter G. Woodson, Benjamin G. Brawley, and a number of other Negro scholars who have done sound work for the Negro people have, here and there, recognized Douglass's importance—Du Bois leading among all the Negro historians in that respect. But none of them chose to follow through in terms of Douglass's lessons to their generation.

Douglass still waits for a complete and rounded evaluation. The importance of such an evaluation lies not merely in the fact that, through it, a great American hero will be restored to his place. It is important because his neglect and misinterpretation have been reflections of American thinking on the Negro question—thinking ranging from the vicious to the muddled.

If little may be expected in that direction from those historians who are accepted today as standard, much may be looked for from the younger scholars in the field, from the new Negro leaders who are ascending to the place left vacant by Douglass, and from those students of history who are gathered about the quarterly *Science and Society* and about the project for the creation of a new history of the American people under the editorship of Mr. Enmale.

In the last analysis, however, whatever impetus is given both to the restoration of Douglass and to general reinterpretation of American history's contribution to the Negro problem of this day will have to come from a revitalized interest in that problem. It is to be hoped that that revitalization will be provided by the National Negro Congress. It is to the credit of the Negro Congress and its membership that it has picked up the cudgel where death forced Douglass to relinquish it.

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In Barcelona, at Dusk

By Barrie Stavis

BARCELONA.

IN Barcelona the loveliest time of the day is dusk. The light turns mellow, the sky is a gray purple, and the sharp edges of buildings melt into soft curves. But last night the dusk hour here was filled with anguish and death. Italian planes which had flown in from Palma de Majorca began bombing the workers' quarters down near the bay. They had come in very high, escaping detection, and sailed down on the city with motors silent. Three bombs struck the unprepared city before the sirens shrieked. Warning! Take cover! Bombers! The power plant shut off the current. Below, the streets of Barcelona were dark—above, a sickle moon and the fingers of the great searchlights streaking the sky with darting bands of blue.

This morning I look at the report. Twenty-four dead. Fifty-three injured. Women—children—old men. No young men—they're at the front. Then I go down near the bay to see the damage done.

I walk with difficulty. Great holes ten to fifteen feet deep and as wide across cut a gutter and sidewalk in two. I look down into a bombhole. Cobblestones—gravel—dust—fragments of a water-pipe—human excrement—garbage. A dog painfully thin—I can count every rib—poking his nose in the garbage. I move on. But slowly. Wreckage everywhere. On corners, already gathered for collection, chunks of cement, brick, plaster-covered lathes, and hunks of wood. Clustered around these mounds of rubble, heart-breakingly skinny children with burlap sacks bigger than themselves, searching for wood. Barcelona is cold. The coldest winter in thirty-six years. And there's no coal to be bought. All of it goes to the hospitals and factories.

I walk on. The occasional cat I meet flees at my approach. This is their jungle. Many of them have been captured. Cats don't make bad eating in a stew. Old Barcelenos, connoisseurs by now, say that the cat stew tastes much like rabbit stew.

I pass a refuge. Might as well go in and see what it's like. Sandbags packed tight and as high as a man. Underneath, below earth level, many twenty-foot-square dirt chambers connected by narrow dirt passages, all shored with timber—just like a mine deep in the bowels of the earth. A couple of wooden benches on the side and a wooden table in the middle. An old lady, old before her time, with a thin black shawl hanging around her skinny body, is mumbling to herself. There's a man there, and he says, "Go home. There's no bombardment now." She looks at him with empty eyes and says nothing. He says, "Go home. There's no bombardment now." She doesn't see him. She doesn't hear him. Her eyes are empty.

In one of the bleak chambers a couple of bundles of filthy bedding are rolled up and in them a family's entire possessions.

I go outside. The sky is blue and calm. Off in the west a few clouds scudding along. I look down again into the black hole, the entrance of the refuge. I feel like puking. I say, "God damn you, Mussolini. God damn you for a crazy louse."

Finally I come to the place of the bombing. Only the shell of the house is left; more than three-quarters of it has been blasted away, just as if a great knife had cut it jagged from roof to cellar. A five-story building. A top-floor room with a rosy-tinted wallpaper and below it, the room wall-papered in blue. But it was the third floor, the middle one, that gets me. The room empty except for a single chair crazily leaning against the twisted wall with one of its legs smacked off. And there is a colored glass chandelier making tinkling sounds. And on the wall a calendar. One of those loud-colored lithographed affairs with a page for each day and thick with the leaves of days yet to come. I read the date. January 8. That was yesterday. Yesterday someone had ripped off the January seventh page to begin the new day. I turn and go away.

"To hell with it," I say to myself, "to hell with looking for the second building. It'll be the same as the hundreds all around me."

Two blocks off the street ends, and the sandy beach of the Mediterranean begins. "I'll take a walk on the beach," I say to myself. I work my way across a plank slung over a wicked gap and walk toward the sea. Suddenly I hear a bird's song. Two beautiful golden-yellow canaries in a rusty cage wired to the outside of a window. "That's not so bad," I say to myself. Then I look at a pulverized building across the way, and I say to the canaries, "Hey dopes, don't you know there's a war going on?" And just as I say that I hear a woman's voice singing. I say to myself, "What's anyone got to be singing about? Who is she anyway?"

I trace the song. It comes from the ground floor of a house half bombed away and the other half still inhabited. I look inside the paneless window. A lady is on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor and singing a beautiful song. My shadow on her floor. She looks up and I feel ashamed—caught peeping into someone's house.

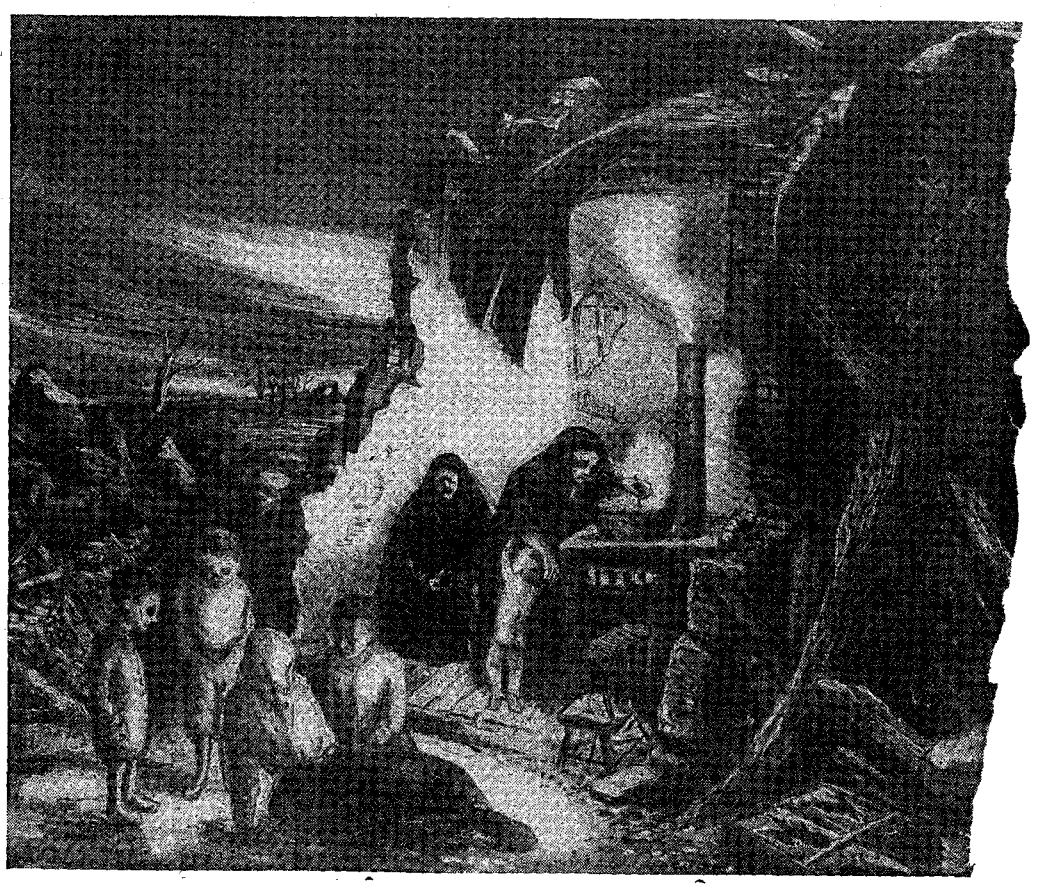
She says, "Bueños dias."

"Salud, Camarada."

"Salud."

She's awfully gray and peaked. I'm sure she's not had a decent meal in a month.

I walk on. But still I hear her beautiful song in my ears. I reach the beach. I sit down on the sand and look out toward the Mediterranean.



Lithograph by Maxine

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The Farmer

Lithograph by Nicholas Panesis

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Five Minutes, Oleo

By H. H. Lewis

Ole Olson,
"Prominent farmer of this community,"
Paused at the bottom rung of the ladder leading from the hallway of his barn, up through the loft, up toward a rafter.
Many a time he had mounted that total height to throw hay down from a crammed harvest.
But now—
His purpose very different.

Forty rungs in that ladder,
Worn glossy by the callouses of as many years:
To climb now,
Pausefully,
Reluctantly,
Was to epitomize it all . . .

Never had he been called lazy.
In Minnesota, across the flat visibility of the Swedish township, his woman's kitchen-light had always been the first to appear at morning, his lantern the first to go swinging barnward;
Five miles away some Erik prompting, "Greta, Greta, time to get up, that Olson's at his cows";
All the local Knutes pillowed conveniently beside windows that faced the *center:*
Ole the free alarm clock,
Ole the pace-setter,
"Pushing on the reins."

Never had he been called extravagant.
"Oleo" becoming "Alarm Clock's" other nickname after a gossipy neighbor discovered him selling all his butter and eating oleomargarine.

Never had he been called a poor manager—
"Keeping books" for the Extension Service of the State College of Agriculture, filling the blank spaces in big annuals, achieving more than a mere-factive ledger, a heartfelt diary of his heydays
From the World War to the World Depression,
Till *loss* became too remindful.

Now once more upon the ladder,
Up to the crossbeam holding the framed parchment MASTER FARMERS OF AMERICA, his own name gorgeously calligraphed hereunder as one of the 48 so honored for 1927—
He extended a gnarled finger,
Fondlingly,
Tremblingly,
Rubbing away some fly-specks . . .
Up to the roof at last,
He opened his eyes again, facing the cowled hay-entrance, and peered out upon the familiar landscape shimmering in earthlight real;
And he gripped the rung tighter,
Holding on,
Holding on,
And he rested chin upon it, looking . . .
Could Heaven itself be dearer?
But could Hell be worse than banishment alive from *this?*
Ole Olson,
Not praying to God and Frazier-Lemke any longer,
Removed a coil of rope from his shoulder, tying one end to a rafter and the other around his neck.

II

Scratching like a mole,
Dusty old soul,
Oleo, Oleo-Ole."
*"Ole, Ole, Oleo-Ole,**
Longest-houred clodsman in the country whole,
Worst to hirling roustabouts from Pole to Pole,

Had he jumped,
Was he dead?
Satan taunting him with that old ditty?
No,
Worse yet,
Sounds like Nels Nelson!
Mortification at death's door—
His former hired man, the belly-aching Bolshevik, the organizer in the Farmers' Holiday Association,
That fellow at just *this* time
Popping into the hallway below!

III

Two hundred pitchfork-men waiting yonder,
Tines sharp as the logic of Lenin,
Courthouse-bound to prevent a number of foreclosures by threat of low bidding:
Nelson announces,
Palming his timepiece with a flourish toward the one who has stopped trying to de-noose himself quickly enough.

"All right now,
If you can decide to be saved by 'damn Reds,'
Five minutes, Oleo" . . .

---

* Concocted years ago by a Yankee harvest-follower, this being doubly vicious because Ole does not rhyme with whole, the mispronunciation still parroted by certain local Swedes for pure damned meanness.

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READERS' FORUM

For Subsidized Art

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I HAVE just read the article entitled "The Federal Arts Bill" by Elizabeth Noble in your issue of February 8. I wish to compliment the writer upon the comprehensive scope of her treatment of the measure, and also upon her sympathetic understanding of the potentialities for enlargement of the culture of the masses of American people within the bill. Its passage will require the united and vigorous effort of all lovers of the arts in America, of all liberals and intellectuals who patriotically desire to see the cultural taste of our fellow citizens elevated.

For generations, the American people have been denied access to the masterpieces of art of the present and of the past. The theater has been an avocation of the rich, and participation in its cultural delights has been denied the very people who needed it the most. We have suffered from an intellectual snobbery in America. Though we have spent more money on public education in recent years than have any three comparable nations elsewhere in the world combined, we cannot arrogate to ourselves credit for having accomplished true education and artistic appreciation for the majority of our population. There is no more laudable objective, it seems) me, than that of fostering movements and helping n the passage of laws the inevitable result of which vill be the proper appreciation of culture, of beauty, f artistic achievement in our daily life. In Europe ve are known as a money-grubbing nation. We ave apotheosized Mammon. We have subordinated ost everything to our national cupidity. We have uflected metaphorically at the altar of gold. We e relegated to the background that which all cated Europeans consider paramount: a cultural ve and appreciation for arts and beauties of the 'd.

y bill, H.R. 9102, and its parallel measure in Senate, provides, as was well set forth by Eliza- Noble in your February 8 issue, for a perma- Bureau of Fine Arts, setting up six depart- s dealing with the main categories of the art l, encouraging the creation of artistic output providing for the autonomous control thereof e artists themselves in their organized unions. nerica has subsidized everything under the sun art and culture, in the sense of encouraging the k and file to develop their knowledge and inher- love for its joys and its beauties. We have ually spent government funds to preserve the n the sea, the insects in the ground, animals in orest, birds in the air. We nonchalantly appro- te seventy million for each new dreadnaught, ess sums for air "defenses"—but until now we neglected to perform a national duty, to create nanent Bureau of Fine Arts, to bring home to umblest citizen in our land the culture which s from artistic appreciation and attainment out which no nation can be truly great, and ut which no nation in the final analysis can inate itself as genuinely civilized.

hington, D. C. JOHN M. COFFEE.

The Easy Way

NEW MASSES:

viewing *The Tyranny of Words* in the NEW SSES of February 1, I quoted from it two state- bout Hegel, supposing, not unnaturally, that inated with Stuart Chase, that they were what he had to say about Hegel. I find that they were what Lancelot Hogben had to say about Hegel. It is not plagiarism, of course; Chase refers to Hogben, and changes a word here and there. But considering the acclaim *The Tyranny of Words* is receiving, it may be illuminating to quote the two passages—they are not unrepresentative of the method of the book—to show how little mental fatigue the process of popularization need entail.

Chase writes (*The Tyranny of Words,* p. 265): "Hegel we remember as the metaphysician who upbraided the astronomers for trying to find more planets when philosophy had established the number at 7 for eternity. 'Of all the philosophers since Plato,' observes Hogben, 'none has adopted a world view more diametrically opposed to the scientific outlook.'

"Perhaps Hegel's chief accomplishment was the reëstablishment of the occult properties of the number 3. The secret of the universe, he said, lies in finding out how reason works. Reason equals unity. Waste no time on experiment or observation. Every argument which arises in the quest of the absolute consists of three parts (the magic three):

"The first step—which Hegel seldom succeeded in taking—is a plain statement, and is called 'thesis.'

"The second step is the negation or contradiction of that statement, and is called 'anti-thesis.'"

Hogben wrote (*Retreat from Reason,* Northampton edition, pp. 22-23. Dots indicate my omissions.): "Hegel wrote upstanding scientists . . . citing the time which astronomers wasted in looking for a new planet. Philosophy clearly showed that there could only be seven. . . Of all the philosophers since Plato none has adopted a world view more diametrically opposed to the scientific outlook. Hegel's chief accomplishment was to reinstate the occult properties of the number three. . . . Reason or unity was the source of all. So the secret of the universe lies in finding how the reason works. Hegel did not waste time like astronomers who make thousands of observations. . . .

"Every argument which arises in the successive series which lead to the Absolute consists of three parts. The first step, which Hegel never succeeded in taking, is a plain statement. It is called the thesis. The second step is usually translated in English as the 'negation' or 'contradiction.'"

Compare these sentence by sentence. If he is going to make so much of the meaning of words, why does Chase begin, "Hegel we remember," when he obviously means, "How well I remember Hogben"? What are the "referents"? Or for the changes in Hogben's terms, "reëstablishment" for "reinstate," "never" for "seldom"?

Boston, Mass. OBED BROOKS.

Southbury's Strategy

TO THE NEW MASSES:

ALSON J. SMITH'S letter in your issue of January 25 shows considerable understanding and appreciation of the action taken by the town of Southbury. However, what he does not know is that the townspeople, without indulging in a lot of idle talk, were following the advice of several lawyers scattered all the way from Hartford to New York. For instance, he refers to the "indignation meeting," but fails to note that it was held immediately after an adjourned special town meeting had appointed a zoning commission to draw up zoning regulations.

The blue-law business was a legal device to prevent the German-American Bund from doing any work on their acreage while the zoning commission was drafting the regulations and getting them approved by a subsequent town meeting. The people of Southbury hate blue laws as much as Mr. Smith does. He undoubtedly will have noticed that the case was continued until after the final town meeting had ratified the regulations. The Bund in the meantime was prevented from starting any work which would have subjected the regulations to attack on the ground that the town was attempting to make them retroactive. The objective gained, the blue-law complaints were dropped like hot potatoes, bail refunded, and the two Nazis sent on their way.

Waterbury, Conn. R. J. HALL.

Hope for a Free Cuba

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I HAVE just finished reading the very interesting article "Cuba: A Fascist Link Weakens" by Cristobal Davis, in your issue of December 14 last. I was in Cuba recently for almost four weeks and could not read this issue or comment upon the article in question until just now.

In the main the article is correct; there are, however, one or two points which are of enough importance to require comment. Mr. Davis states "true, the *Arnus* is still in Havana harbor, and its crew of one hundred and ten finally left for Spain recently." This is definitely incorrect, as there are eighty men still aboard, and they are being starved as regularly as formerly. I know that as late as January 20 they were still in Havana. I used to meet some of the boys from the ship every night at a certain cafe. The newspapers were full of the story about there being no food aboard the ship twice in one week, right after Christmas. They are a fine bunch of fellows, and very anxious to get back to Spain. I understand that the Spanish government is paying their salaries to their families in Spain.

Mr. Davis also has a letter in the issue of January 25 concerning the Marinello meeting held in Havana on the eighth of January. I had the great pleasure of being present at this meeting, and in fact sat right close to Marinello on the platform. There were thirty thousand people present, and very attentive, too. Absolute decorum prevailed during the hour and a half of Marinello's speech, but the tribute paid him both before and after his speech leaves no doubt about how he stands in the affections of the Cuban working classes. The stadium where this meeting was held is way out in the suburbs, probably eight miles or so from the center of the city, yet thousands walked to hear him. The most significant thing about this meeting, however, is the fact that Dr. Alexander Vergara, president of the National Agricultural Party, was seated close to Marinello on the platform.

The parties of the Left are all working in close harmony and there is no question but that when a legal election is held Marinello will become the next president of Cuba. I believe the people's front will be strong enough to prevent any such action as Vargas took in Brazil.

This letter would not be complete without reference to the great work being done by Adolfo Garcia Fernandez, a Spaniard by birth, a Cuban citizen by choice. He has been on the air for four years, broadcasting nightly over the same station which carried Marinello's speech, CMBX on the long wave, COBX on the short wave. His program is known as the "Spanish Diary of the Air"—"the voice of Spanish democracy in Cuba." Every night from seven to eight. This is one of the strongest anti-fascist programs in Cuba, and it has caused Garcia to get into many jams with the government. In addition to this radio program he edits and publishes *Facetas de Actualidad Española,* one of the great anti-fascist publications of the world, which is making rapid strides in circulation in the United States. I have seen letters, in stacks, from all over the world, commenting upon his radio work. His magazine subscription list contains the names of many illustrious Americans. Garcia is an "honorary" member of the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and publicizes many news items pertaining to their work.

With the thought that the Cuban workers are thinking correctly, and the fact that their leaders at present are of the best, there is great hope for a free Cuba.

Baltimore, Md. COLEMAN BLUM.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Army Mutiny at Sian

FIRST ACT IN CHINA, *by James M. Bertram. Viking Press. $3.*

JAMES M. BERTRAM (whose interview with Mao Tse-tung appeared in the NEW MASSES last week) was the only foreign correspondent to cover the famous Sian incident from the spot. In the present volume he has written an extremely vivid and informative account of this significant episode. It is a record of the kidnaping of Chiang Kai-shek by his subordinates, whom he allegedly wanted to direct toward a more energetic campaign against the Chinese Red Army (now the Eighth Route Army). Chiang had insisted on this campaign despite the repeated warnings of the Young Marshal, Chang Hsueh-liang, chief of the Tungpei Army, that his troops were not in sympathy with the strategy of fighting Chinese revolutionaries instead of Japan.

The author presents a portrait of the Young Marshal which sounds convincing, though it is quite different from the commonly accepted one. In Mr. Bertram's opinion, Chang, who was accused of allowing Japan to occupy Manchuria in 1931, was not as responsible as has been supposed. After the Manchurian debacle, the Young Marshal left for Europe, where he met Mussolini and Hitler and became convinced that their methods were best for China. Shortly after his return, he was made "Commander of Bandit Suppression" in the three Central Provinces. This term meant suppression of the "Reds."

The object of the Fifth Campaign, the destruction of the Red Army, was not attained. The Reds started their famous "Long March," which brought them eventually to the northwest. In 1936 the Soviet leaders of China issued their "manifesto proposing the establishment of an Anti-Japanese Alliance Army and a National Defense Government," writes Bertram. But "suppression of the Communists had become a fundamental condition for the continuance of 'friendly relations' between the governments of China and Japan." Then the Tungpei army was moved to the North. The idea of fighting the invaders was never abandoned by Chang; he always was bitterly anti-Japanese. The secret Ho-Umetsu agreement, concluded by General Ho with the Japanese in June 1935, added to the doubts of Chang as to the wisdom of the policy with which he was entrusted. Nevertheless, on his arrival in Sian, Chang was eager to get results in his anti-Communist campaigns. His troops were badly defeated by the Reds. "By the end of 1935 he was convinced that the Reds could not be destroyed by open attack, and he reported as much to Nanking."

Chiang Kai-shek did not pay any attention to this, and Chang began to suspect that the generalissimo wanted to see his Tungpei army disintegrated. . . . In June 1936, "he met and talked with one of the chief political leaders of the Red Army—Chou En-lai, a picturesque figure who emerges later in the Sian drama as perhaps the controlling influence in reaching a settlement." Chang came to the conclusion that it was most desirable to stop all civil war and unite the country in active resistance to Japanese aggression. That was exactly what the Communists advocated too.

The whole story of the arrest, the negotiations between Chiang and his captors, the negotiations of the latter with Nanking, and finally the release of Chiang, on advice of the Communists, were recorded by the author from the testimony of the chief plotters themselves. This record is fuller than anything published so far.

The events that followed this dramatic return of Chiang; the tension which prevailed at Sian in expectation of reprisals; the "coup" of February, when a number of generals were assassinated by the hot-heads; and the settlement of the entire "mutiny" through the withdrawal of the Tungpei army westward and the Reds somewhat further into the Shensi and Kansu provinces, are described by the author as an eye-witness.

It seems that the author was not quite certain at that time about Chiang Kai-shek's willingness to change his policy, to stop fighting the Reds, and to accept their coöperation for fighting the Japanese. Apparently he was not quite certain about the correctness of the policy of the Communists either: were they justified in arranging for such a far-reaching compromise with their bitter enemy of ten years? Was the coöperation possible, or rather was there no risk in Chiang's double-crossing the Reds? Were not the hot-heads right in refusing any compromise and preparing for a fight with the Nanking troops if necessary?

All, or most of these questions, are more easily answered now than they were at the time of the writing of the book. The "national front," for which the author and his friends drank a toast before leaving Sian, now is a fact. China is united as never before, and there is hardly any other way left for Chiang but through the closest coöperation with the former "bandits," unsuccessfully hunted by him and his generals for ten years. By now they are incorporated in the National Army of China under the name of the Eighth Route Army and are gallantly fighting the Japanese in the Northwest.

Beside the illuminating description of the Sian affair, and the interesting apologia for Chang Hsueh-liang, the book offers an unusually clear picture of the role played in Chinese events during these turbulent years by the youth of the country, particularly by the students of various universities and even of the high schools. Their enthusiasm, their devotion to the cause, their high patriotism are presented with warmth, though accompanied by mild disapproval of their recklessness and sometimes unnecessary sacrifice of their valuable lives.

This is a book that one does not hesitate to recommend. It is very well written, reliable, and full of interesting details about an event which intrigued every one who was reading late in 1936 the reports about the strange affair of Sian. It shows that this was not another tragi-comedy, but a turning point in the history of China.

VICTOR A. YAKHONTOFF.

Recently Recommended Books

The History of the Russian Revolution, edited by Stalin, Molotov, Voroshilov, Gorki, Zhdanov, and Kirov. International. $1.25.
The Russian Revolution, by V. I. Lenin and Joseph Stalin. International. $2.
The Folklore of Capitalism, by Thurman W. Arnold. Yale University Press. $3.
The Wild Goose Chase, by Rex Warner. Knopf. $2.75.
Poems, by Rex Warner. Knopf. $2.
New Fashions in Wage Theory, by Jürgen Kuczynski. International. $1.50.
A History of the Businessman, by Miriam Beard. Macmillan, $5.
Red Star Over China, by Edgar Snow. Random. $3. (Book Union Selection for January.)
America's Sixty Families, by Ferdinand Lundberg. Vanguard. $3.75.
Two Wars and More to Come, by Herbert L. Matthews. Carrick & Evans. $2.50.
Contemporary Mexican Artists, by Augustin Velasquez Chavez. Covici-Friede. $2.75.
Letters from Iceland, by W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice. Random. $3.
Old Hell, by Emmett Gowen. Modern Age. Cloth, 85c. Paper, 25c.
Madame Curie, by Eve Curie. Translated by Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.
Six Centuries of Fine Prints, by Carl Zigrosser. Covici-Friede. $5.

Transpolar Flight

OVER THE NORTH POLE, *by George Baidukov. Translated by Jessica Smith. Preface by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $1.50.

"WHAT a popular writer you have become!" Stalin is reported to have thus greeted Egor (George) Baidukov during the Kremlin's gala reception last summer on the return of the doughty trio which made the first trans-Polar flight from Moscow to the

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United States. Indeed, the co-pilot's rattling good account of this great flight had aroused favorable comment among the millions who had read it, installment-wise, before Heroes of the Soviet Union Valery Chkalov, Egor Baidukov, and Sasha Beliakov arrived home. I heard mention of "another Vodopyanov," the reference being to Mikhail Vodopyanov, another leading Soviet flyer, whose extensive literary works include a play which has been produced in Moscow and Czechoslovakia.

And now co-pilot Baidukov's miniature saga of one of the greatest exploits in modern aeronautics is available to English readers in a smart little volume which Harcourt, Brace has just released as the latest title in the series, "Adventure in the Air."

Adventure there is aplenty in this personal record of trail-blazing across the top of the world. Baidukov's dramatic account of the red-winged monoplane's perilous tussels with cyclones and ice formations—"aviation's fiercest enemy"—and other exciting incidents of the sixty-two-hour air voyage are thrilling in essence. But the book has added significance for what it reveals of the objectives, the organization, and careful preparation behind any Soviet pioneering expedition, as well as the social attitudes of those participating.

The before-the-start quarter of the book describes a conference the ANT-25 crew had with Stalin and Voroshilov, who surprised the fliers by their comprehensive knowledge of aviation. Permission for the flight was predicated on Stalin's stipulation that its keynote must be caution, not record-setting.

The jacket blurb refers to the flight preparations as "unconventional to a degree," and states that some readers will *wonder* "how these fellows did it." Such groundwork may seem unconventional in countries where major flights are generally of a more hit-or-miss nature, but why the wonder? Baidukov's suggestion of the vast, coördinated activity that precedes any Soviet voyage into icy Arctic air or waters will, on the contrary, make it clear why the program of exploration and exploitation of the Far North—a program of which this flight was a part—has been so fruitful.

Over the North Pole is a model of honest writing, and nowhere more refreshingly so than in relating the author's mental processes as he is piloting the ANT-25 in the vicinity of the North Pole. After musing on the extent to which some explorers have "lied about the ill-starred Pole," he declares that although to the navigator the Pole means trouble, "to the airman the Pole doesn't really mean a damned thing. We have passed over it, and that is that."

Baidukov's nice sense of humor, his modesty, and his ability to write picturesquely make other pluses for his book. With an economy of words he creates fresh images, and they come through effectively in Jessica Smith's translation. For example, the engine "like a cat washing behind its ears, purrs steadily with pleasure," or the plane itself as it "glides along, leaning on the invisible particles of rarefied air." There are some very human glimpses of flight commander Valery Chkalov and navigator Sasha Beliakov.

Attractive in format, with good photographs, maps, and type that emphasize the readability of the text, this sprightly little record is effectively prefaced by a great Arctic explorer's evaluation of the flight itself. Summarizing the historical significance of this pioneer flight, and of the even longer one which soon followed from Moscow and brought Gromov, Yumashev, and Danilin to the Mexican border, Vilhjalmur Stefansson declares that a monument to these six great fliers might well be inscribed, "They found the world of transportation a cylinder; they left it a sphere."

JULIA OLDER.

John Heliker

"Sometimes I say what the hell—why not let Roosevelt and the whole damn country GO to the dogs."

Yorkshire Puritans

THE MOON IS MAKING, *by Storm Jameson. The Macmillan Co.* $2.50.

IF one may trust this latest novel by Storm Jameson, the natives of Yorkshire at the turn of the century were not amiable persons. In social manners and moral code they were an extreme example of the Philistine, and after reading a hundred or so pages about them, one no longer wonders that the word was anathema to the more cultivated Victorian. Puritanism, the economic code of unrestrained competition, and perhaps the harsh northern climate, had produced in them the toughest and most callous individualism. A mother of the Wikker family in *The Moon Is Making* berates her daughter before guests for giving them something to eat with their tea. A father keeps his grown daughter on a two-pound-a-year budget for the concealment and adorning of her person, and annually tries to cheat her out of it. One Wikker farmer boasts to his neighbor of his intention to purchase the neighbor's land as soon as he is dead. A housewife of this same family refuses to contribute to the dissenting church she attends because morality is a personal matter, and she thinks herself quite as virtuous as the preacher.

Barring the younger generation, of this entire family the only one who is not detestable is Handel Wikker. Forced out of his pulpit because he has married a farm girl after a short passionate attachment, he turns local scholar and later establishes his own church in the slums of the village. He is mindful of the poor who are social outcasts like himself, and he champions their right to a playground in the densely populated part of the town. But he acknowledges that he lacks a sense of comradeship with them. He has set himself up as a sort of Carlylean leader, somewhat spoiled in local reputation, and he half recognizes that his approach is out of date. But he cannot change his personality. The intransigeance of the Wikker type appears in him as anarchism. Without trying to win the poor over to his demand for the park, he tears down with his own hands the rails put up by the local millionaire who has secured the plot through a political deal. And he dies a beaten man.

In Handel's anarchism Miss Jameson has hit upon a significant theme, and it is a pity that she has not built her novel around it. Instead she has chosen to make Handel only the most important member of the Wikker family. She has thrown him into superb con-

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Stanley DeGraff

trast with the rest of the family. But to round out his character impressively she ought, I believe, to have put him as carefully into relationship with the poor he sought to lead. This would have demanded a fuller treatment of their attitudes, "lumpen" though they be, their apathy that gives way to rowdyism, their hatred of the Wikker family which colors with suspicion Handel's solicitude for their welfare. The dullness of a large part of the narrative of family affairs would have thus been replaced by a more effective picture of a well-intentioned man hopelessly caught among these mutually hostile forces in the little Yorkshire seacoast community.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

A Biography of Jesus

THE LIFE OF JESUS, *by Conrad Noel. Simon & Schuster.* $3.75.

EVERY so often we read some allegedly Marxian work so persistently subjective that we cannot help blushing for the author. This is particularly true in the treatment of historical figures. The technique, roughly, is to take some "favorite" and ransack history to claim for him all the qualities of the contemporary revolutionist. Under certain historical circumstances the analogy may seem convincing. For example, in studying a period of fundamental social change, we may be tempted to call a leading figure "the Lenin of his time" as a convenient metaphor. But if we proceed to use the phrase as anything more than a metaphor, we fall into an error which is, at its base, anti-Marxian, and assumes an imaginary reincarnation which is less than scientific. One of the fundamental concepts of Marxism is that no two historical situations are identical in their significance for the rest of history. Hence, no two historical figures can fulfill the same historic role. An approach that formulates a false analogy, no matter how Marxian its claims may be, is outside the body of serious and useful scholarship.

This volume by Conrad Noel is the most recent example of a mechanical approach to Marxism. Noel apparently was not satisfied with the frequently stated thesis that Christ was a good deal more radical than most of his followers would care to admit. Jesus, he insists, was a Communist. He was a full-blown Marxist, complete with an understanding of the contradictions of Roman imperialism. He was baited by Hearsts, hounded by vigilantes, maligned by chambers of commerce. When he spoke of the Kingdom of Heaven, he meant socialism. The Aramaic word generally translated as "ministry" should read "propaganda," and "church" should read "divine international."

It is perfectly obvious that no Marxist could have arrived at such conclusions. Jesus was, of course, a radical in the terms of his own society. He was an anti-imperialist and sided, in general, with the oppressed and exploited classes. In his conflicts with the Pharisees and Sadducees he represented the majority interest against the entrenched minority. His system of ethics, although its basis was primarily eschatological, was largely an instrument for social justice. But to force a parallel between his time and ours, as Noel does, is to equate a period in which there was little material basis for social change with one in which social change is inevitable. Thus, the author is forced into the most dubious methods of scholarship. His approach to history is subjective, and he is completely indifferent to the results of modern research in the handling of his sources. He regards the Fourth Gospel as of equal authenticity with the synoptics and treats manifest legend with as much seriousness as relatively credible incidents. It never seems to occur to him that there might be an error in the reporting of words and deeds, and he quotes isolated sayings with all the credulity of a Fundamentalist.

And the point is simply that Marxism is not served by its malpractitioners. We will not, as Dorothy Canfield Fisher suggests in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* try to lure Christians into our movement by offering this book as substantial proof that Jesus was on our side on every point. Used carefully and objectively, with the precision with which a surgeon uses his most delicate instruments, Marxism is by far the most fruitful method of historical research. Used like a sledgehammer to make the events of two thousand years ago fit the present, it is no longer Marxian; it is no method at all, and only provides its enemies with good cause for derision.

It is unfortunate that this particular book so aptly demonstrates the malpractice of Marxism, because it is the *magnum opus* of one of the most honest and courageous men of our time—one who, during the late war,

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braved the official wrath of the British tories by flying the flags of St. George, Sinn Fein, and the International from his church flagstaff. Since then, as Vicar of Thaxted, he has been a staunch defender of the Soviet Union, a valuable leader and ally in all the struggles of the day. Despite its inaccuracies, his book is in every way lovable. We come away from it with a feeling of warmth for this stout-hearted old radical, so devoted to two causes that he made the exponent of one into the world leader of both. He has torn history to shreds to create this anachronism, but he has done so out of no perverse motives.

R. H. ROVERE.

Brief Reviews

SOCIALISM VERSUS CAPITALISM, *by A. C. Pigou. The Macmillan Co.* $1.50.

The successful building of socialism in the Soviet Union has put bourgeois economists in a dilemma. Not only have their theories been exploded, but now they are confronted with the unpleasant job of explaining away the ever-greater triumphs of the U.S.S.R. and the increasing breakdown of capitalist economy. For the past two decades have shown that socialism is superior to capitalism in every sphere of life. Hence the practitioners of the dismal science, no longer able to deny that socialism works, attempt to forecast difficulties for it in the future.

Meanwhile, the impact of the Soviet Union has been so great that the more honest economists try to approach the problem from what they call "a non-political" viewpoint. That is, they set up hypothetical economic systems and demonstrate that insofar as production and living standards go, there is little difference between "ideal" capitalist and socialist economics. What is needed, they argue, is a little more kindness on the part of the capitalists, and a little more patience on the part of the workers. In this way they dodge the unpleasant fact that capitalism is an outmoded social system which is no longer able to supply the needs of the overwhelming majority of the people; and they run away from the obvious necessity of a political program against reaction and fascism, which must ultimately lead to the establishment of a socialist society.

Professor Pigou, a leading English economist, is troubled by the decay of capitalism and the success of socialism. But instead of coming out boldly, as the Webbs did, on the side of socialism, he does a wire-balancing stunt which pitches him head first into the mire of futile verbiage. He begins by saying that "it is not the business of an academic economist, nor is it within his competence, to stand advocate for or against any political program." Thus he wanders around in the mazes of a cloud-cuckoo land of imaginary economic systems, weighing one hypothetical point against another. It is no wonder then he concludes that economists have nothing really to say about the future society. That is because, if they ever began discussing realities, they would have to blurt out that socialism is the one hope of humanity.

F. M.

THE LONG WAY HOME, *by Sylvia Chatfield Bates. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $2.50.

When you look at the best-seller list each week you almost always spot somewhere below Dale Carnegie a "novel of generations," one of those bulky pieces that reconstructs American history through the story of a family from Plymouth Rock to Radio City. Few of them have had any more truth or depth than George Arliss's historical portraits. As in his films, they depend upon authenticity of costume and furniture for historical flavor, and upon formularized hokum for volume of sales. So with Miss Bates's latest job. It is superficial in its history, pointless in its tracing of generations, romantic in its emotions, and dull all the way.

M. M.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Shadows and Substance on Broadway

BY an almost symbolic coincidence, a remarkable contrast in *Weltanschauung* was brought out last week on Broadway. On the one hand we had two plays, Ben Bengal's *Plant in the Sun* and Francis Edwards Faragoh's *Sunup to Sundown,* dealing with youth and child labor, and standing with both feet on the ground of present-day America; and on the other, a pair of plays dealing with matters transcendental, making excursions into the world beyond and giving off a phosphorescent glow of the decadent philosophy of fulfilment in death. The two are Paul Osborn's *On Borrowed Time* (at the Longacre, N. Y.), fashioned from Lawrence Edward Watkins's novel, and Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* (at the Henry Miller). Between these two pairs of opposites was wedged in Erskine Caldwell's *Journeyman.*

By the verdict of the critics, *On Borrowed Time* and *Our Town* have been placed on everybody's must list, while *Sunup to Sundown* closed after seven performances. *Journeyman,* which was scheduled to close after nine, is at this writing continuing at the Hudson. *Plant in the Sun* was a one-time affair, to be repeated, we hope, many more times.

With some it would be tantamount to blasphemy to put Osborn's and Wilder's plays in the same category. In the first instance we have a fabricated piece of hokum, rather unusual in its tricky mechanism; in the second—a work of imagination and high literary skill. But at the risk of appearing irreverent, we cannot help placing Wilder's poetic drama in the same thought-stream with Osborn's clever contraption. *Our Town* is, ah, well—an absorbing play, glorifying the humdrum middle-class life of a small New England town which takes on a kind of grandeur of eternal sameness, like the flow and ebb of the tides. At the author's direction, Jed Harris stripped the stage of all scenery and props, putting the characters of the play through the abstracted motions of day-by-day living. This, we grant, was an inspired idea on the part of Mr. Wilder, for only by disembodying the life of *Our Town* could he possibly have distilled poetry and eternal wisdom out of the dreary monotony of its life cycle. It would have been disastrous to treat the play realistically, for then we would have got a concrete picture of *Our Town,* a picture of pinched lives moving within a fixed narrow orbit, a picture of stagnation and social inertia, of convention stifling personality, of a dead leveling that reduces everything and everybody to the lowest common denominator of conformism.

Well, Jed Harris has carried out his assignment superbly. His disembodiment of the play has resulted in a theatricalism which, if self-conscious and not new in method, is nonetheless beautiful in its lofty and magnificent simplicity. The Group Theatre put a similar style to better uses in *The Case of Clyde Griffith,* and the Chinese have been doing it for centuries, but Jed Harris made it fit his New England material in a masterful manner.

The third act of Mr. Wilder's play is given over almost entirely to the deceased of *Our Town* who are supremely happy in death and speak with contempt about the joys and sorrows of the living. Death with them, and Mr. Wilder, is the ultimate fulfilment. Having no particular aim in life, denying the desirability or validity of social progress, the glorifier of sameness reaches his ultimate in an idealization of death.

It is an exasperating play, hideous in its basic idea and beautiful in its writing, acting, and staging. To Frank Craven go the top honors as commentator and chummy guide through the life of *Our Town.* The others in the cast are uniformly good, combining raciness of utterance with the eerie disembodiment of the Wilder-Harris style. John Craven and Martha Scott are as beautiful a pair of young lovers as Broadway has seen in many a moon, and such old reliables as Jay Fasset, Evelyn Varden, and Helen Carew make the combination well-nigh perfect.

The phosphorescence of decayed wood is beautiful in the dark. In this sense Thornton Wilder's play is beautiful.

On Borrowed Time is hokum. That the critics hailed it as the best ever merely goes to show that criticism and a guide to shopping are two different things. Heralded as a "fantasy" and an "imaginative" play, Osborn's opus is a queer combination of laugh-producing lines, genial cussing, grandpa and boy, a streamlined figure of death in the person of Mr. Brink, a penny's worth of penny philosophy about the sweet surcease in death, a generous helping of *Death Takes a Holiday,* and a tricky invention coupling reality with unreality. Gramps somehow becomes possessed of a power to keep Mr. Brink parked on a tree, and everybody is het up about death's enforced idleness. There is a frame-up to commit the old man to an insane asylum (a matter of inheritance, in case you don't know your hokum), there is shooting and intrigue and a happy ending à la Wilder, surcease in death. Mr. Brink is as soothing and well-bred as a fashionable mortician, and Gramps swears delightfully. The boy emulates Gramps, and boy and old man die together, blissful in their new abode on Mr. Brink's estate.

A hodge-podge of this sort might have proved a frightful and offensive bore but for Dudley Digges and the boy wonder, Peter Holden (aged six or thereabouts) who saved the situation and assured the Longacre of capacity audiences for many months, no doubt.

The intangibles of production and acting might have made a beautiful and poignant play of Francis Edwards Faragoh's *Sunup to Sundown.* That it looked good and important in the script is attested to by the verdict of the judges in the play contest of the I.L.G.W.U.

Recently Recommended Movies

The Dybbuk. A touching film of Jewish life under the influence of cabalistic doctrines.

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Walt Disney's first full-length film makes delightful entertainment for children and adults alike.

The River. A government documentary on land erosion, with some thrilling sequences and a telling message.

Boy of the Streets. A more sincere and convincing film of the slums than any of its predecessors, it makes a plea for better housing as a means of obviating crime.

True Confession. Insane comedy mixed with brilliant satire that is at all times amusing.

Peter the First. A magnificent and gusty historical film of Russian life as it was when Peter "opened the window to Europe," superbly acted and directed. Easily ranks among the very best of historical pictures.

China Strikes Back. A vivid picture of the Chinese people's defense against the Japanese invasion with excellent shots of life in the Eighth Route Army and of its generals.

Heart of Spain. A documentary of medical aid to Spain, which has rightly been called "pictorial dynamite."

Recently Recommended Plays

One-Third of a Nation (Adelphi, N. Y.). The Federal Theatre's new Living Newspaper successfully dramatizes the case for low-cost housing, pointing its lesson with careful evidence and witty candor. One of the "musts" of the season.

The Shoemaker's Holiday (National, N. Y.). Orson Welles's inspired staging of Dekker's uproarious farce, with its rich, bawdy humor and its gusto for a democratic, warless life. Put this on your "must" list. Alternates with *Julius Caesar.*

The Cradle Will Rock (Windsor, N. Y.). Marc Blitzstein's satiric operetta, a dynamic, pungent work which brings music to grips with reality.

A Doll's House (Morosco, N. Y.). Ibsen's drama of frustrated womanhood in a charming revival.

Pins and Needles (Labor Stage, N. Y.) This I.L.G.W.U. production is the brightest, most sparkling revue in many a season. Social significance at its entertaining best.

Of Mice and Men (Music Box, N. Y.). John Steinbeck's warm novel of friendship between workers expertly dramatized and extremely well acted.

Julius Caesar (National, N. Y.). Orson Welles's production of the Shakespearean play in modern clothes and with an anti-fascist slant is one of the highlights of the current season.

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who awarded it the first prize of two thousand dollars. But on the stage of the Hudson Theatre it has emerged as a frail and ineffective piece, with a rather blurred view of the least lovely aspect of the American scene, child labor.

Faragoh has successfully escaped the pitfall of the familiar pattern of a labor play. Though there is exploitation, resentment, and resistance put on view, the play is not designed according to the formula, "We suffered, we struggled, we won." But in avoiding the hackneyed pattern, the author of *Sunup to Sundown* has not given us anything better or more effective. Instead of a play on child labor, we find a drama juvenile love gumming up the works.

Yet it might have been a fine play. Had Faragoh actually succeeded in integrating the theme of young love with that of crushing poverty and child labor, we would perhaps have got just about the kind of labor play we've been hoping for ever since we've begun growing weary of the oppression-strike-victory formula. Or had the production been more searching, a way might have been found to effect some kind of balance between the two themes. As it is, *Sunup to Sundown* completely succumbs to the theme of adolescent love, bogging down in its unhappy ending which is devoid of all hope or adult point of view.

It is just as well that Faragoh has avoided the black-and-white treatment of the social categories represented in his play. There is no villain in the piece and hardly a hero. The tobacco farmer, operating mainly with child labor, is human and decent. He squirms at the necessity of acting the part of the harsh employer and child sweater. But, driven by competition and the pressure of his own exploiters, he behaves true to type—sweating the children, firing their parents, and leaving a trail of tragedy and broken lives.

Having been honest with himself by not painting the employer as a black devil and symbol of exploitation, Faragoh has neglected to put forward an equivalent symbol that would arouse the audience against the upholders of child labor. Perhaps he can contribute to the solution of the problem no more than his sympathy for the kids and the feeling, "It's too bad!" But surely some sort of direction could be pointed out, some sort of hope suggested on behalf of those children he has made us like and pity so much!

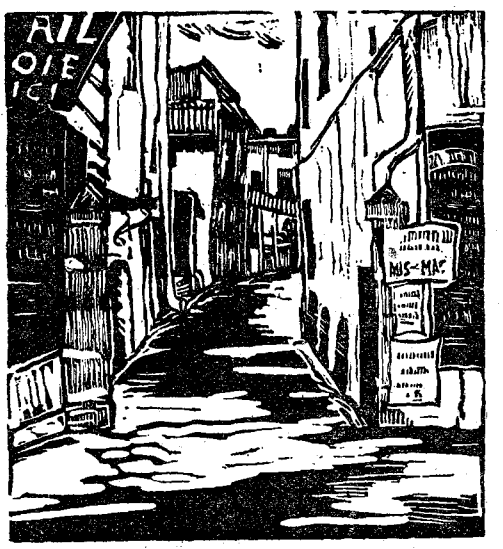
We sympathize with Faragoh in his predicament. Obviously, he did not want to write another "labor play." He tried to integrate the social problem of child labor with character and milieu, choosing the most difficult and elusive medium, children at the first stages of adolescence. He became absorbed in the problems of adolescent character to such an extent that he made it his central theme, getting rid of the child labor problem as best he could. Worse than that, he brought the play and the audience to a sentimental impasse where a *status quo,* leaving the pregnant childwoman and her family on the tobacco farm under the same conditions of exploitation, would under the circumstances constitute a veritable happy ending!

Apparently, something more than artistic integrity is necessary to write an honest social play. One also needs a clear and valid idea. Also in the theater, thinking is the better part of writing.

And of directing. Joseph Losey did all he could to put the play into the morass of futile sentimentality. Concentrating on milieu (a swell stage version of a tobacco shed was designed by Howard Bay) and the humanity of it, he failed to bring into focus the social aspects implicit in the material and lurking somewhere between the lines of the script. With the exception of the fine and sensitive acting of Florence McGee (of *Children's Hour*), the adolescents of the cast did not measure up to requirements, and since *Sunup to Sundown* was reduced essentially to a drama of adolescence, the poor cast accounted a good deal for the play's weakness on the stage. The good performances of the adults, notably Percy Kilbride, Walter N. Greaza, and Carl Benton Reid failed to lend vigor to the feeble whole.

Sunup to Sundown was not a bad play. It missed being a good play by the margin of Faragoh's blurred thinking, but it was honest and poignant nonetheless. Even as drama of adolescent love it is vastly superior to the commercial products of the Fata Morgana brand. Faragoh belongs to the theater. We hope to hear from him again—and soon.

There is still some life in the old strike-formula if it can result in such a gem of a one-actor as Ben Bengal's *Plant in the Sun,* presented by the New Theatre League as the principal item of its first New Theatre night at the Mercury of a Sunday evening. It is a play of uncommon appeal and charm, combining strike fervor with juvenile tenderness and roughneck comedy. As acted by a group of alert performers, it suffered slightly from overacting and playing for laughs. The accent in the direction (by Art Smith) was frequently placed on sure-fire lines and comedy-business rather than on the pathetic, if droll, predicament and bewilderment of the group of youngsters improvising a sit-down strike in a candy factory. But despite the show-offish acting and the faulty accents, the essential values of the play reached the audience and evoked a response comparable only to the reception given *Waiting for Lefty* when first produced under the same auspices on a similar New Theatre night.



A. Marculescu

Bengal is a newcomer in the left-wing theater, and his first play, a prize-winner of the Youth Play Contest of the New Theatre League, reveals him as a dramatist with a fine ear for the vernacular and a sense of character. Though the leader of the juvenile strike is the least individualized of the swell bunch of kids and smacks too much of the familiar idealization of *the* strike leader, Bengal knows his kids and their lingo and likes both. While he generalizes his basic idea, he particularizes character and its interplay. The fine cast included Ben Ross, Will Lee, Harry Lessin, Sam Bonnell, Perry Bruskin, and Bert Conway. Just a little less acting, and they would have all been excellent.

The curtain-raiser, *Hello Franco,* by Theodore Kaghan, had its moments but in the main it was futile and flimsy. Proceeding from nowhere and going in the same direction, it utilized a dugout in Spain for the purpose of calling Franco "stinker" and Hitler, "you dirty page of history." The American volunteers used the remaining few minutes before an attack to carry on imaginary conversations with their kinfolk at home and with Franco and Hitler over a disconnected telephone. Here and there these phantom conversations gave off sparks of character and incipient drama, but the whole thing was in the nature of a drawn-out stunt and rather pointless.

Chalk up another for Morris Carnovsky who gave an impressive reading of H. Craft's moving anti-Nazi piece, *The Bishop of Munster.*

An unpretty piece of Americana, Erskine Caldwell's *Journeyman* reveals all of the faults and none of the virtues of his *Tobacco Road.* The virus of poverty that accounted for the putrescence in the house of Jeeter Lester is missing in the house of Clay Horey, but the putrescence remains. The obscenity is the same as in *Tobacco Road,* only more of it, with less reason for its being. The rascal-preacher is but an elaboration of Sister Bessie of Caldwell's classic. Will Geer's rampageous devil-chaser is an actor's picnic and an excursion into the familiar.

NATHANIEL BUCHWALD.

Music with a Purpose

UNTIL Count Basie's impassioned band swung into the exuberant coda of the stirring evening at the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre, February 6, there wasn't a trumpet to be heard at the NEW MASSES concert of "music with a purpose." But long before Buck Clayton deftly tossed off his first phrase, sonorous blasts were sounding and the walls of

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musical Jericho were trembling. They didn't fall; not even a crack was visible in dusty Carnegie Hall where the old tonal order was celebrating a fanatical rite. Toscanini's fifteenth or so New York performance of Beethoven's Ninth was hysterically received and hysterically eulogized next day in the press; our concert was chronicled (if at all) with a routine "Music and Dance Program Sponsored by Magazine" line or two. But the widening circle of vibrations set up by those trumpet blasts—produced by no instruments and impacting on the consciousness rather than the ear drum—are gathering momentum. And they herald a tremendously vital and militant new force in the musical life of America.

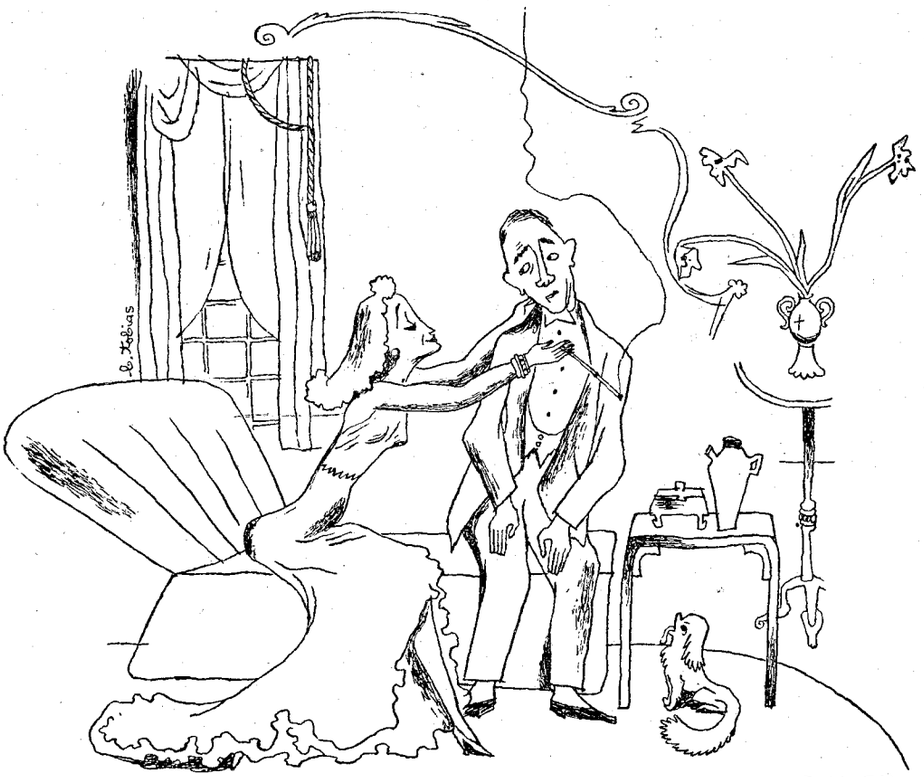
I hope that somewhere else in this issue due credit is given Mr. Friedman and the long list of participants in the NEW MASSES concert. They did a big job, efficiently and well; their triumph should go on the record. These hasty notes are intended only incidentally as acknowledgment of as lively a musical evening as I've ever spent. And it's of no consequence to anyone but myself that I was once more profoundly moved by what I believe to be a work of incalculable significance, that I was almost consistently absorbed and entertained, that my fear of being bewitched out of my critical senses was allayed by a brief and highly contrasting interlude of (to me) rank puerility. The show had everything, all right, including a packed house and high enthusiasm, but such pleasant qualities are not unique, and this evening was.

For its lusty vitality: there was a zip and punch from Earl Robinson's straightforward "Abe Lincoln" to Count Basie's "Bei mir bist du schön." For its timeliness and pertinence: there was no Bach among the composers represented, but this bunch of guys like you and me were doing something for us that even Bach can't do, expressing our own ideals and problems in our own language. And giving music more than archeological meaning.

This isn't music for posterity. Most of it is reporting rather than literature. It's in the vernacular, a dynamic platform speech or a joke passed by a couple of pickets on their beat. Above all it is no artist's vehicle for virtuoso exhibitionism, the performer is "anonymous and communal." Miss Hall, Mr. Bauman, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Delmar, Miss Stanton are only giving articulate voice to the slaves, the militant workers, the Private Schnooks, Captain Bristlepunkts, and quitters among us. At its best, in the hands of Blitzstein and Eisler, this comes close to great music (a damned sight closer than that of the Musikers who have stuck to their ivory towers), but its true significance is its revelation that musicians—like Beetzie—are beginning to get around.

And so I say the walls of Jericho are trembling. Music cannot be a barred Forbidden City, a Madame Arbutus's salon, a museum sour with the stink of death. The old giants earned their honorable memorials, but we betray them and ourselves by giving our sensibilities over to fanatical suttees by their graves. They wrote as they had to for their time and their people. But this is another day. If the NEW MASSES concert did nothing else, it showed that the American musician is beginning to speak for his own day and folk. And he isn't whispering either. He's got a tune and the paraders are swinging into it fortissimo: "Tomorrow is for us. . . . So we sing today!"

R. D. DARRELL.



Beatrice Tobias

"Darling, promise me you'll never let the Pepper-Coffee bill regiment your art."

Water Colors for Social Comment

THE black and white work of Georges Schreiber is well known, through its publication in the NEW MASSES and other progressive magazines. His water colors have had a less wide audience; hence the especial interest of the exhibition on view at the A.C.A. Gallery till February 19, where his work since 1934 is thoroughly sampled, from Hollywood to Rockport and from Luise Rainer to New England clam diggers.

Black and white lends itself without coaxing to social art; water colors have not been so obliging. In the American tradition our great water colorists, Homer and Marin, turned to nature for subject matter rather than to satire or social comment. Schreiber, growing out of another tradition, specifically the George Grosz influence, has directed his brush chiefly to the romantic representation of genre themes—men playing cards, an Italian family posing en masse for its collective portrait, a Madison Square Garden audience intent on some fierce sports competition, a Nevada gambling joint, circus scenes, Montauk Lighthouse, Ticino's cellar restaurant. Sometimes the mood has been mildly satirical, sometimes more impassioned; on the whole it has been the mood of a spectator observing a spectacle rather than of a participant in the struggle. The result is picturesque and colorful. But not till the artist concerns himself with themes of deeper implication does his art begin to function deeply and persuasively.

Clam Diggers, 1937 is an example of the latter category. Here Schreiber paints a man and two women grubbing with their bare hands in the sand, searching for clams. It is obvious that they are not mere "summer people," picnicking and playing a game. If they are digging for clams, it is because they must have clams to eat or to sell; stringent economic necessity compels their labor. The æsthetic demonstration of this truth is to be found in the way in which the figures are painted, with their accompanying background of windswept waves and marsh grass. A style, which in other instances is only experimental, here is harmoniously appropriate to the emotion evoked. So, too, in *Those Who Always Pay, 1937,* one feels the reality—and the urgency—of the migration of flood refugees, fleeing before the onrushing waters. *Maine Fishermen, 1937,* also comes out of the same sincere observation and recording of the tension of life which workers everywhere know but too well.

In the technical field, the work of Schreiber is worth study; following in the tradition of Grosz, he has used water color in an unorthodox but richly varied way. The great gift of Marin was, say, to set water color free from its old bondage to the method of oils. The

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contribution of Grosz and his disciples is to demonstrate that water color, no more than any other medium, needs to pay narrow lip-service to "purity." It can be used as occasion demands, that is what may be seen in Schreiber's manipulation of the medium, an important lesson in an era when art has need of every flexibility to serve its major purposes. This, with the artist's growing movement toward themes rooted in life, is a hopeful augury for his future development.

"A new use for art" might be said to be the slogan of the exhibition of subway art which may be seen at the Museum of Modern Art till March 5. Assembled from work of the members of the United American Artists and lent by them under the auspices of the Public Use of Art Committee, the display includes a subway station model and appropriate sculptures and murals designed for it. Executed in carved, colored cement, in baked enamel panels, in tile mosaics, and in silicon-ester paint on stone and cement, these designs show not only originally in their makers' conception of new uses for art, but also possess the character of trail-blazing. With new mediums and methods at their command, artists find themselves possessed of new resources; old taboos and inhibitions may easily yield, as have the old technical barriers.

ELIZABETH NOBLE.

Three Dimensional Films

RELEASE of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Audioscopiks No. II* adds new confusion to the immediate future of the cinema. Sound has yet to be digested, and color is complicating every branch of film-making. In the history of the screen, innovations have usually gone through a period of sensational exploitation before settling into specific values of the cinema as a whole. This period might be curtailed or eliminated in a rational society, but in our system it is played for all it's worth. It is unfortunate that the third dimension, which must inevitably alter basic techniques more drastically than any other innovation, will be coming along at a time when Hollywood is likely to use it at the expense of the audience and the art of the cinema.

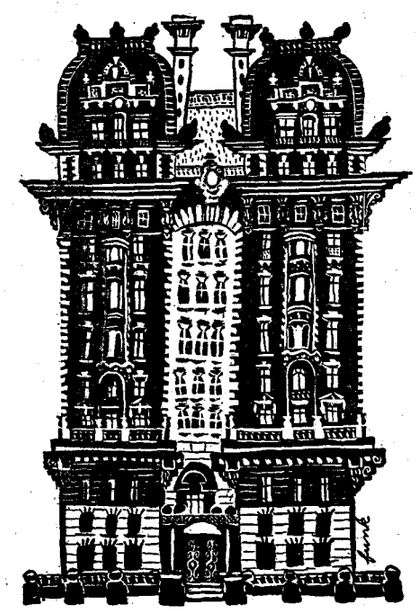
In these shorts, emphasis is on violence. Furniture is hurled at you; you are hit by pitched balls and by thrown knives; an elephant extends his trunk into your lap; a juggler tosses Indian clubs at you; a hydrant squirts you. At present the stereoscopic effect of depth is obtained by supplying the audience with red and green celluloid lenses which mix for each observer's eyes the superimposed red and green images projected on the screen. In its present cumbersome state, there is little danger of more than experimental shorts. But should this innovation make fast progress, it will have serious effects on the cinema; and its immediate use is likely to be most unwholesome. There is still a school that holds with Charles Chaplin that the introduction of sound diverted cinema from a logical line of development and sent it down what may yet turn out to be a blind alley. The possibilities of the third dimension are problematical: but from recent trends in Hollywood we have reason to worry about the immediate uses to which it may be put.

Already many of our biggest pictures substitute the shock of physical sensation for the climax of drama. The taboos of the Hays office, banking control of the industry, attempts to make films which will be acceptable to the whole political spectrum of foreign markets—all these have driven the Hollywood film outside the realm of ordinary human experience.

The danger of the third dimension is that its early exploitation may give renewed impetus to the drive toward dermal sensation, with ruinous effect on dramatic and cinematic qualities. It is reported that the first film shown on Broadway in 1895 had its audience ducking the hooves of a group of mounted dragoons. It is to be feared that the screen will have a similar period inflicted on it when the third dimension comes along.

A biography of Sam Goldwyn was published last year. Sam seems to have liked it. After spending $125,000 on story ideas for his *Goldwyn Follies,* he decided that an account of his own experiences in assembling the show was more entertaining than any of the stories submitted. *Goldwyn Follies* is therefore a chapter of autobiography; it is like Selznick's *A Star Is Born,* except that the story of a Hollywood production is told here from the producer's view.

The story line is thin. It is no more than a thread on which to hang lavish production numbers and specialty acts. This is the



Tom Funk

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Zanuck formula, except that Goldwyn uses top names and sumptuous acts instead of the vaudeville hacks of Zanuck. The Ritz brothers do a "Pussy, Pussy" number with the aid of a battalion of assorted cats that should have audiences mewing in the aisles. An incidental scene at the opera becomes a twelve-minute excerpt from *La Traviata.* Zorina emerges from a mirror-pool and leads the American Ballet in a new Balanchine number that is head and shoulders above anything ballet has ever before contributed to films.

As might be expected in a script by Ben Hecht, there are many, many flip cracks and Omar Khayyam-ish sardonicisms. The score includes some of Gershwin's last works and the popular "Spring Again" by Vernon Duke. In this picture, the technicolor camera has acquired new mobility, and several lovely shots of Santa Monica beaches are among the best panoramas ever made.

SIDNEY KAUFMAN.

Dances for Spain and China

FOR Spain, for peace and democracy against fascism and war, the American Dance Association continued its excellent cultural work with a presentation at the Hippodrome, N.Y., of the cream of the dance world in one of the best recitals of this or any season.

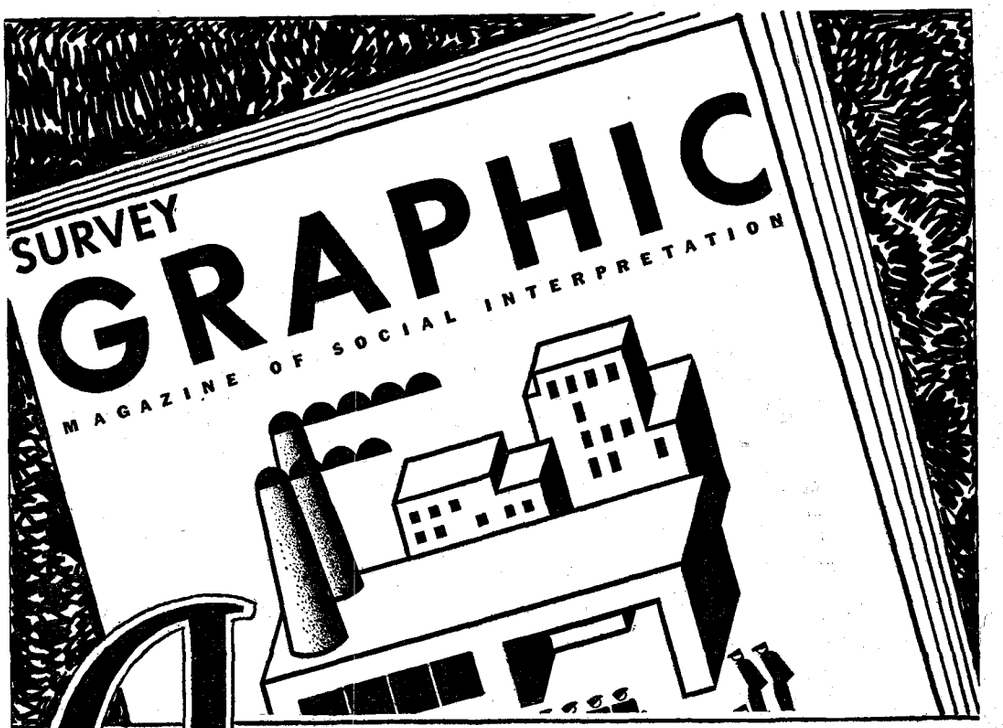
Anna Sokolow's dance unit performed the anti-fascist *War Poem,* Martha Graham did her poignant *Imperial Gesture* and intensely emotional *Deep Song* (for Spain), and her group danced the swift paced *Celebration.* Tamiris and her group did *Momentum.* Hanya Holm appeared with her group in sections from *Trend.*

For the ballet section of the evening, Paul Draper, tap dancer par excellence, appeared for the first time in New York under an anti-fascist banner, and took the house by storm. Draper has a good knowledge of ballet technique and uses it to considerable advantage in his *Minuet, Ain't Necessarily So,* and *Blue Danube* to the music of Handel, Gershwin, and Johann Strauss, respectively, but I find his tap a bit cold. There is enough good movement in his dancing, and he covers a good bit of territory, but the warmth of Bill Robinson and Fred Astaire won't be found in his work. Draper is the polished intellectual stylist. Bill Robinson is still the only Bojangles.

Arthur Mahoney, whose stage presence is one of the most lively in the dance field, did his always popular *Farruca.* Mahoney's Spanish folk dancing is especially gifted, and by far the most successful of the many forms with which he works in the concert medium.

Lincoln Kirstein's Ballet Caravan, appearing too for the first time in a program for Spain, closed the evening with *Show Piece,* recently reviewed.

The dance movement in America has been



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As for *fact finding,* Maxine Davis gives the nib of a 6,000-mile trip to find out what is left of American opportunity in terms of jobs for young people. Here are close-ups on the streamlined industrial relations on the Union Pacific. And the labor policies in those auto plants at Dearborn where Henry Ford sits at the wheel. And here are appraisals of the new consumers' movements that are taking head, by D. E. Montgomery of the AAA; of voluntary schemes of industrial arbitration by Webb Waldron and the health front in the South by Surgeon General Parran. (There was demand for a half a million copies of his earlier syphilis article.)

As projects in *discovery,* Dr. Douglass W. Orr, a young American physician, brings out the surprising testimony of panel doctors and panel patients as to health insurance in England. And Pierce Williams, the economist, explores our American depressed areas—they exist you know—where hard-core unemployment confronts old districts. Just as William Allen White added up America for us up and down the Main Street of Emporia, and newspapers from coast to coast quoted it.

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persistently progressive, if not revolutionary. That almost without exception every mature and important dancer appeared at the Hippodrome for the Medical Bureau and the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy is further testimony of the position and temper of the American dancer in the daily cultural and economic struggles.

For China, Si-lan Chen made her American debut at the Windsor Theatre under the auspices of the American Friends of the Chinese People in a concert of character and folk dances.

Si-lan Chen has an exceedingly warm stage personality, works on small sketches principally from ballet base, and her dancing is not too much unlike the recent work of Angna Enters. She mimes a *Landlord on a Horse,* a *Boat Girl,* does clipped *Shanghai Sketches: Empty Bowl, Rickshaw,* slight sketches, not too profound and not too thorough in their analysis of subject matter. Her most satisfactory composition was the story of a Chinese student who is killed while distributing leaflets. Most pleasing, however, was the beautifully lyric Uzbek folk dance. Naïvely childlike, winsome, the dance is as delicately conceived in movement as an Oriental carving. It was a gem and was easily the happiest indication of the wealth of dancing there is to be seen in the Soviet Union.

For China, too, as guest artist, Anna Sokolow presented her *Ballade* and her *Case History No.*— which continues to stand out as one of the most magnificent pieces of solo work in the dance theater. Intense in structure, literally tearing away at space in a nervous staccato rhythm, dominated by a desire for security, the dance is the story of the breaking down of the morale of the typical youngster outlawed to a street-corner existence. In composition, dramatic conception, and presentation, it is easily one of the most gripping compositions to come from the younger dancers.

OWEN BURKE.

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Toscanini. Another in the series of N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra broadcasts, Sat., Feb. 12, 10 p.m., C.B.S.

Town Meeting of the Air. Paul H. Douglas, professor of economics at the University of Chicago, and Oliver M. W. Sprague, Harvard professor of banking and finance, will talk on wage prices and recovery, Thurs., Feb. 17, 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

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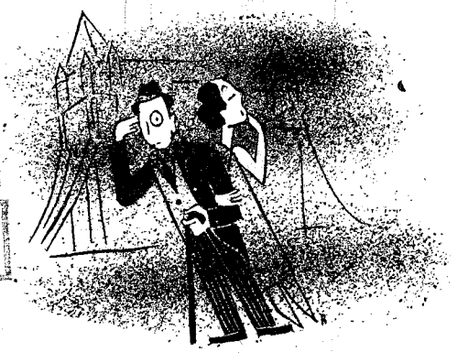

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